THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

[illegible] } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1562.

Choice Poetry.

YOU WILL FORGET ME.

A few short years will pass, and you'll forget
 That I was once a dweller upon earth;
A few short years, perhaps, you may regret
 Her whom you once thought full of truth and worth;
You may regret the low, yet happy voice,
 That breathed a fond heart's welcome when we met;
You may sometimes think of your young heart's choice,
 But still a few short years, and you'll forget.

You will forget me! other ones will wander
 Around your manly form in loving joy;
A [illegible] may glow your softly [illegible];
 A starry head amid your dark locks toy;
The nestling of that soft hand within yours,
 May then, perchance, a thought of me beget;
You'll think of long past events and happier hours,
 And sigh perhaps—but then, you will forget.

You will forget me! you will turn to eyes
 Swimming in liquid radiance, jetty black,
Or brightly blue as heaven's own azure skies;
 And then your memory will wander back
To her you once adored; to those fond eyes,
 Wherein a depth of untold love was set.
A dream of your poor early love will rise,
 A tear may fall—but then, you will forget.

But years may pass—long weary years may roll,
 Mountains may build up space 'twixt thee and me—
But, oh! my love will cling around thy soul,
 Like ivied tendrils round a withered tree.
All other feelings may give way with years,
 Leaving no naught but memory and regret;
We build to these an altar with our tears,
 For woman's holy love can ne'er forget!

Original Novelet.

THE IRON HAND.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

While Mr. Howland yet paced the floor in a perturbed state of mind, after the severe flogging he had given to Andrew, and while he meditated some further and long continued punishment for the offence which had been committed, a servant handed him a note. It was from Andrew's teacher, and was to this effect—

"From careful inquiry, I am entirely satisfied that your son, when he threw the stone at William Wilkins, was acting in self defence, and, therefore, is blameless. Wilkins is a quarrelsome, overbearing lad, and was abusing a smaller boy, when your son interfered to protect the latter. This drew upon him the anger of Wilkins, who would have beaten him severely if he had not protected himself in the way he did. Before throwing the stone, I learn that Andrew made every effort to get away; failing in this, he warned the other not to come near him. This warning being disregarded, he used the only means of self-protection left to him. I say this, in justice to your son, and to save him from your displeasure. As for Wilkins, I do not intend to receive him back into my school."

For a long time Mr. Howland remained seated in the chair he had taken on receiving the teacher's note. His reflections were far from being agreeable. He had been both unjust and cruel to his child. But, for him to make an acknowledgment of the fact was out of the question. This would be too humiliating. This would be a triumph for the perverse boy, and a weakening of his authority over him. He had done wrong in not listening to his child's explanation; in not waiting until he had heard both sides. But, now that the wrong was done, the fact that he was conscious of having done wrong must not appear. In various ways he sought to justify his conduct. At length he said, half aloud—

"No matter. He deserved it for something else, and has received only his deserts. Let him behave himself properly, and he'll never be the subject of unjust censure."

It was thus that the cold-hearted father settled, with his own conscience, this question of wrong towards his child. And yet, he was a man who prayed in his family, and, regularly, with pious observance, attended upon the ordinances of the church. In society he was esteemed as a just and righteous man; in the church as one who lived near to heaven. As for himself, he believed, that severity towards his boy, and intolerance of all the weaknesses, errors, and wayward tendencies of childhood, were absolutely needed for the due correction of evil impulses. Alas! that he, like too many of his class, permitted anger towards his children's faults to blind his better judgment, and to stifle the genuine appeals of nature. Instead of tenderness, forbearance, and a loving effort to lead them in right paths, and make those paths pleasant to their feet; he sternly sought to force them in the way he wished them to go. With what little success, in the case of Andrew, is already apparent.

Angry at the unjust punishment he had received, the boy remained alone in his room until summoned to dinner.

"He doesn't want anything to eat," said the servant, returning to the dining-room where the family were assembled at the table.

"Oh, very well," remarked the father, in a tone of indifference, "fasting will do him good."

"Go up, Anne," said Mrs. Howland to the servant, "and tell him that I want him to come down."

That word would have been effectual, for Andrew loved his mother; but Mr. Howland remarked instantly,

"No, no! Let him remain. I never humor sulks of perverseness. If he wishes to fast he can be gratified."

Mrs. Howland said no more, but she took only a few mouthfuls of food while she sat at the table. Her appetite was gone. After dinner she went up to Andrew's room with a saucer of peaches and cream. The moment she opened the door the lad sprang towards her, and while tears gushed from his eyes, he said—

"Indeed, indeed, mother, I was not to blame! Bill Wilkins was going to beat me—and, you know, he's a large boy."

"But you might have killed him, Andrew," replied the mother, with a gentle gravity that, in love, conveyed reproof. "It is dangerous to throw stones."

"I had to defend myself, mother. I couldn't let him beat me half to death. And I told him to keep off or I would strike him with the stone. I'm sure I wasn't to blame."

"Why was he going to beat you, Andrew? What did you do to him?" asked Mrs. Howland.

"I'll tell you, mother," replied the boy. "He was pounding, with his fists, a poor little fellow not half his size, and I couldn't stand and see it, if he was a bigger boy than me. So, I took the little boy's part; and then he turned on me and said he'd beat the life out of me. I ran from him and tried to get away, but he could run the fastest, and so I took up a stone and told him to keep off. But, he wouldn't mind, and wouldn't keep off. So I struck him with it, and, mother, I'd do it again to-morrow. No boy shall beat me if I can defend myself."

"Why didn't you tell your father of this?" asked Mrs. Howland.

"I tried to tell him, but he wouldn't listen to me," said the lad, with ill-concealed indignation in his voice. "And he never will listen to me, mother. He believes every word that is said against me, and flogs me whether I am guilty or not. I'm sure he hates me!"

"Hush! Hush, my boy! Don't say that. Don't speak so of your father."

"Well, I'm sure he don't love me," persisted Andrew.

"Oh, yes, he does love you. He only dislikes what is wrong in you. My son must try to be a good boy."

"I do try, mother; I try almost every day. But, somehow I do wrong things without thinking. I'm always sorry at first; sorry until father begins to scold or whip me, and then I don't seem to care anything about it. Oh, dear! I wish father wasn't always so cross!"

While Andrew thus talked, his tears had ceased to flow; but, now they gushed over his cheeks again, and he leaned his face upon his mother's bosom. Mrs. Howland drew her arm closely around her unhappy boy, while her own eyes became wet. For many minutes there was silence. At last she said, in a kind, earnest voice—

"I've brought you a nice saucer of peaches and cream, Andrew."

"I don't want them, mother," replied the lad.

"You'll be hungry before night, dear. It's nearly school time now, and you'll get nothing to eat until you come home again."

"I don't feel at all hungry, mother."

"Just eat them for my sake," urged Mrs. Howland.

Without a word more, Andrew took the saucer.

"Ain't they nice?" asked Mrs. Howland, as she saw that her boy relished the fruit and cream.

"Yes, dear mother! they are very good," replied Andrew; "and you are good, too. Indeed I love you, mother!"

The last sentence was uttered with visible emotion.

"Then, for my sake, try and do right, Andrew," said Mrs. Howland, tenderly.

"I will try, mother," returned the boy. "I do try often; but I forget myself a great many times."

Soon after Andrew started for school. On arriving his teacher called him up and said—

"Did your father get my note?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Andrew.

"What did he say to you?"

The boy's eyes sank to the floor, and he remained silent.

"I sent your father a note immediately," said the teacher, "telling him that you were not to blame."

Andrew looked up quickly into his teacher's face, while a shadow fell upon his countenance.

"You don't know whether he received it?"

"No, sir."

The teacher called up another lad and inquired if he had delivered the note given him at the dwelling of Mr. Howland as directed. The boy replied that he had done so.

"Very well. You can take your seat."

Then turning to Andrew, the teacher said—

"Was it about William Wilkins that your father sent for you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You told him how it was?"

The boy was silent.

"He didn't punish you, surely?"

Tears trembled on the drooping lashes of the injured child; but he answered nothing. The teacher saw how it was, and questioned him no farther. From that time he was kinder towards his wayward, and, too often, offending scholar, and gained a better influence over him.

Not for a moment, during the afternoon, was the thought that his father knew of his blamelessness, absent from Andrew's mind. And, when he returned home, his heart beat feverishly in anticipation of the meeting between him and his parent. He felt sure that the teacher's note had reached his father, after punishment had been inflicted; and he expected, from an innate sense of right and justice, that some acknowledgment, grateful to his injured feeling, of the wrong he had suffered, would be made.—There was no thought of triumph or reaction against his father. He had been wrongly judged, and cruelly punished; and all he asked for, or desired, was, that his father should speak kindly to him, and say that he had been blamed without a cause. How many a dark shadow would such a gleam of sunshine have dispelled from his heart. But no such gleam of light awaited his meeting with his father, who did not even raise his eyes to look at him as he came into his presence.

For awhile Andrew lingered in the room where his father sat reading, hoping for a word that would indicate a kinder state of feeling toward him. But no such word was uttered. At length he commenced playing with a younger brother, who, not being able to make him do just as he wished, screamed out some complaint against him, when Mr. Howland looked up, suddenly, with a lowering countenance, and said, harshly—

"Go out of the room, sir! I never saw such a boy! No one can have any peace where you are!"

Andrew started, and made an effort to explain and excuse himself, for he was very anxious not to be misunderstood again, just at this time. But his father exclaimed, more severely than at first—

"Do you hear me, sir? Leave this room, instantly!"

The boy went out, hopeless. He felt that he was unloved by his father. Oh! what would he not have given—what sacrifice would he not have made—to secure a word and smile of affection from his stern parent, whom he had known from childhood only as one who reproved and punished.

CHAPTER IV.

Wronged and repelled, Andrew left the presence of his father, and, hopeless, yet with a sense of indignation in his heart against that father, for the wrong he had suffered at his hands.

"It's no use for me to try to do right," he murmured to himself. "If I want to be good, they won't let me."

As these thoughts passed through his mind, a feeling of recklessness came over him, and he said, aloud—

"I don't care what I do!"

"Don't you, indeed?"

The voice that uttered this sentence, caused him to start. It was the voice of his father, who had left his room soon after the expulsion of Andrew, and was at the moment passing near, unobserved by the boy.

"Don't care what you do, ha!" repeated Mr. Howland, standing in front of the lad, and looking him sternly in the face. "You've spoken the truth for once!"

For nearly a minute Mr. Howland stood with [illegible] brows, scowling upon the half-frightened child. He then walked away, deeply troubled and perplexed in his mind.

"What is to become of this boy?" he said to himself. "He really seems to be one of those whom Satan desires to have, that he might sift them as wheat. I really fear that he is given over to a hard heart, and a perverse mind—one predestinated to evil from his birth. Ah, me! Have I not done, and am I not still doing everything to restrain him and save him? But precept, admonition and punishment, all seem thrown away. Even my daily prayers for him remain unanswered. They rise no higher than my head. What more can I do than I am now doing? I have tried in every way to break his stubborn will, but all is of no avail."

While Mr. Howland mused thus, Andrew, oppressed by the sphere of his father's house, was passing out at the street door, although expressly forbidden to go away from home after his return from school. For some time he stood leaning against the railing, with a pressure of unhappiness on his heart. While standing thus, a lad who was passing by said to him—

"Come, Andy! there's a company of soldiers around in the Square. Hark! Don't you hear the music? Come! I'm going."

This was a strong temptation, for Andrew loved music, and was fond of sight-seeing. It would be useless, he knew, to ask the permission of his father, who usually said "No," to almost every request for a little liberty or privilege. Especially at the present moment would a request of the kind be useless.

"Come, Andy! come!" urged the boy, for Andrew, restraining the first impulse to bound away at the word soldiers, was debating the question whether to go or not.

Just then the air thrilled with a wave of music, and Andrew, unable longer to control himself, sprang away with his companion. For half-an-hour he enjoyed the music and military evolutions, and then returned home.

"Where have you been, sir?" was the sharp question that greeted him as he came in.

"Around in the Square, to see the soldiers," replied Andrew.

"Who gave you permission to go?"

"No one, sir. I heard the music, and thought I'd just go and look at them a little while. I've not been doing anything wrong, sir."

"Wrong! Isn't disobedience wrong? Haven't I forbidden you, over and over again, to leave the house, after school, without my permission? Say! You don't care what you do! That's it! Go off up stairs with you, to your own room, and you'll get nothing but bread and water until to-morrow morning! I'll teach you to mind what I say!"

The boy went sadly up to his room. It had been a day of severer trial than usual—of greater wrong and outrage upon him as a child. For the time, his spirit was broken, and he wept bitterly when alone in his silent chamber, that was to be his prison-house until the dawn of another day.

"Where is Andrew?" asked Mrs. Howland, as her little family gathered at the supper table, and she found that one was missing.

"I've sent him up to his room. He can't have anything but bread and water to-night," replied Mr. Howland, in a grave tone.

"What has the poor child done, now?" inquired the mother, in a troubled voice.

"He went off to see the soldiers, though he had been expressly forbidden to leave the house after coming home from school."

"Oh, dear! He's always doing something wrong—what will become of him?" sighed the mother.

"Heaven only knows! If he escape the gallows, in the end, it will be a mercy. I never saw so young a child with so perverse an inclination."

"Andrew had no dinner, to-day," said Mrs. Howland, after a little while.

"His own fault," replied the father,—"he chose to fast."

"He must be very hungry by this time. Won't you allow him something more than bread and water?"

"[illegible] him."

Mrs. Howland sighed and remained silent. After supper, she took food to her boy. A slice of bread and a glass of water were first placed in a tray, and with these the mother started up stairs. But, ere she reached the chamber, her heart plead so strongly for the lad, that she paused, stood musing for a few moments, and then returned to the dining-room. A few slices of tongue, some biscuit, bread and butter, and a cup of tea, were taken from the table, and with these Mrs. Howland returned up stairs. Unexpectedly, her husband met her on the way—

"Who is that for?" he asked, in a voice of surprise, seeing the articles Mrs. Howland was bearing on the tray.

"It is Andrew's supper," was replied, and as Mrs. Howland said this, her eyes drooped, abashed, beneath the stern and rebuking gaze of her husband.

"Esther! Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Howland. "Didn't I say that Andrew must have nothing but bread and water for his supper?"

"He has had no dinner," murmured the mother.

"I don't care if he has had nothing to eat for a week. I said he could have only bread and water, and I meant what I said. Esther! I am surprised at you. Of what avail will be my efforts at correction, if you counteract them in this way?"

Mrs. Howland never contended with her husband. In all expressed differences of opinion, it was his habit to bear her down with an imperious will. She was weak, and he was her strong tyrant. Not a word more did she speak, but returned to the dining-room and replaced the food she had prepared for Andrew by simple bread and water.

The feelings of childhood never run for a long time in the same channel. Very soon after entering his room, Andrew's mind lost its sad impression, and began to search about for something to satisfy its restless activity. First he got upon the chairs and jumped from one to another. This he continued until his foot passed through the slender cane-works of one of them. Then he turned summersets on the bed until more than a handful of feathers were beaten out and scattered about the room. Next he climbed up the posts and balanced himself on the tester, to the no small risk of breaking that slender frame work, and injuring himself severely by a fall. Soon, the compass of the room became too narrow; and the elevation of the bed-posts too trifling for his expanding ideas. He went to the window, and, opening it, looked forth. Here was a new temptation. The roof of a piazza, built out from a second story, came up to within a foot of the window-sill. He had often ventured upon this roof, and he sprang out upon it again, without a moment's hesitation or reflection, and running along, with the lightness of a cat, gained the roof of the back building, which he ascended to the very apex, and then placed himself astride thereof. Here he sat for some minutes, looking around him, and enjoying the prospect. On the end of the back building was fastened a strong pole, running up into the air some ten feet. On the top of this pole was a bird-box, in which a pair of pigeons had their nest. Two young pigeons had been hatched out, and now nearly full fledged and ready to fly, they were thrusting their glossy heads from the box and looking about from their airy height.

A fluttering of wings, as the mother bird returned with food for her young ones, attracted the attention of Andrew; and, looking up, he saw the young pigeons. Instantly came a desire to remove them from their nest. But, the way to that nest was too difficult and perilous for him to think of securing his wish. This was the first impression. Then, he fixed his eyes on the nest, and watched the old bird, as she sat on a ledge that projected from the box, while she distributed to her younglings the food she had brought. Thus sat the boy at the moment his mother left the dining-room with the comfortable supper she had prepared for him, and there she would have found him, in comparative safety, had she not been prevented from carrying out the kind promptings of her heart.

The longer Andrew gazed at the young birds, the more desirous did he become to get them in his possession. Over and over again he measured the height and thickness of the pole with his eyes, calculating, all the while, his ability to climb it, and the amount of danger attendant on the adventure.

"I'm sure I could do it," said he, at length, rising from the place where he sat, and walking, with careful step, to the edge of the roof at the point above which the pole projected. Grasping the pole firmly, he first leaned his body over until he could see in a perpendicular line to the pavement in the yard below, a distance of more than forty feet. For a moment his head swam, as he looked from the dizzy height; but he shut his eyes and clung to the pole until self-possessed again. Then he looked up at the bird-box, and reaching his hands far above his head, grasped the pole firmly and drew his body a few inches upwards. Clinging tightly with his legs to retain the slight elevation he had acquired, he moved his hands farther along the pole, and then drew himself higher up. Thus he progressed until he had reached a point some five or six feet above the roof, when his strength became exhausted, and, unable to retain even the position he had acquired, his body slowly descended the pole, swinging around to the side opposite the roof. On reaching the bottom, it was as much as he could do to get himself once more in a position of safety, where he stood for a few moments, until he could recover himself. He then tried the ascent again. This time he nearly reached the box, when his strength once more failed him, and he had to slide down the pole as before. But, Andrew was not a lad to give up easily anything he attempted to do. Difficulties but inspired him to new efforts, and he once more tried to effect the perilous ascent, firmly resolved to reach the box at the third trial. In his eagerness, he became unconscious of all danger, and commenced clambering up the pole with as much confidence as if it had been placed in the ground.

Great violence had been done to the feelings of Mrs. Howland by her husband. His stern rebuke hurt her exceedingly. She did not feel that she was doing wrong in yielding to the appeals of her heart in favor of her wayward, ever-offending boy. Her mother's instinct told her, that he needed kindness, forbearance, and frequent exemption from punishment; and she felt that it was better for him to have this, even though in gaining it for him, she acted in violation of her husband's wishes and command—yes, even though her child knew that such was the case. Sadly was she aware of the fact, that the father's iron-handed severity had nearly crushed affection out of the heart of his child; and that all obedience to him was extorted under fear of punishment. And she well knew that her interference in his favor, while it could not estrange him from his father more than he was already estranged, would give her greater influence over him for good. Such were the conclusions of her mind—not arrived at by cold ratiocination, but by woman's shorter way of perception. And she knew that she was right.

Hurt in her own feelings was she, by her husband's harsh, rebuking words, and sad for the sake of her boy, as she returned to the dining-room. For some time she remained there, debating with herself whether she should stealthily convey something more than the bread and water to Andrew, or take him the meagre supply of food his father had ordered. In the end her feelings triumphed. A large slice of cake and an apple were placed in her pocket. Then, with the bread and water she went up to her son's chamber.

"Bless me! what a boy!" fell from the lips of Mrs. Howland, as she [illegible] the disordered condition of the room. The chairs were scattered about the apartment, and through the caning of one of them was a large hole. The wash-bowl and pitcher were on the floor, and a good deal of water spilled around. The bed-clothes were nearly all dragged off; and it was plain, from the feathers scattered about, that Andrew had been amusing himself with jumping on the bed. Lifting her eyes to the tester, Mrs. Howland saw nearly a yard of the valance torn away and hanging down.

"Oh, what a boy!" she again murmured. "He seems possessed with a spirit of mischief and destruction. Andrew!"

She called the lad's name, but there was no answer.

"Andrew! where are you?" The mother looked searchingly about the room. But she neither saw the boy nor heard his voice. Perceiving now that the back-window was open, she sprang to it with a sudden thrill of alarm. The first object that caught her sight, was Andrew, suspended in the air on the pole that supported the pigeon-box. He was just about reaching the object of his perilous adventure. A wild scream of terror came from the mother's lips, ere she had time to think of self-control. That scream as it pierced, suddenly, the ears of Andrew, startled and unnerved him. A quick muscular exhaustion followed, and, ere he could recover from the confusion and weakness of the moment, his hands were dragged from their hold, and he went flashing down from the eyes of his mother, like the passing of a lightning gleam. Another scream thrilled on the air, and then Mrs. Howland sunk, swooning to the floor.

Mr. Howland was just stepping into the yard, when his son fell, crushed by the terrific fall, at his feet.

"Oh, father!" came, in a voice of anguish, from the yet conscious boy, as he lifted one hand, with a feeble effort, towards his parent.—Then a deathly whiteness came over his face, and he fainted instantly.

On the arrival of a physician, it was found that Andrew's left arm was broken in two places, his left ankle dislocated, and two ribs fractured. As to the internal injury sustained, no estimate could be made at the time. He did not recover fully from the state of insensibility into which he lapsed after the fall, until the work of setting the broken bones and reducing the dislocation was nearly over. His first utterance was to ask for his mother. She was not present, however.—Her cries, at seeing the peril and fall of her child, brought a domestic to the room, who found her lying insensible upon the floor. Assistance being called, she was removed to her own chamber, where she remained, apparently lifeless, for the space of half-an-hour. When she recovered, her husband was pacing the chamber floor, with slow, measured steps, and his eyes cast down.

"Andrew! Is he dead?" were her first words. She spoke in a low voice, and with forced composure.

Mr. Howland paused, and approached the bed on which lay his pale, exhausted wife, just awakened from her death-like unconsciousness.

"No, Esther. He is not dead," was calmly replied.

"Is he badly hurt?"

The mother held her breath for a reply.

"Yes, badly, I fear," answered Mr. Howland, in the same calm voice.

"Will he live?" almost gasped the mother.

"God only knows," replied Mr. Howland.—Then glancing his eyes upwards, piously, he added,—"If it be His will to remove him, I—"

"Oh, Andrew! don't say that!" quickly exclaimed the mother, "don't say that!"

"Yes, Esther, I will say it," returned Mr. Howland, in a steady voice. "If it be His good pleasure to remove him, I will not murmur. He will be safer there than here."

"Oh, my poor, poor boy!" sobbed Mrs. Howland. "My poor, poor boy! To think that it should come to this! Oh, it was wrong to send him off as he was sent; to punish him so severely for a little thing. Heaven knows, he had suffered enough, unjustly, without having this added!"

"Esther!" exclaimed Mr. Howland, "this from you!"

The distressed mother, in the anguish of her mind, had given utterance to her feelings, with scarce a thought as to who was her auditor. The sternly uttered words of her husband subdued her into silence.

"I did not expect this from you, Esther," continued Mr. Howland, severely, "and at such a time."

And he stood looking down upon the mother's pale face, with a rebuking expression of countenance. Mrs. Howland endured this gaze only for a few moments, and then buried her face in the bed-clothes. Her husband, as his eyes rested fixed upon her form, saw that it was agitated by slight convulsions, and he knew that she was striving to suppress the sobs in which her heart was seeking an utterance. For a little while he stood looking at her, and then retired, without speaking, from the chamber, and sought the one where the physician was yet engaged with Andrew. The lad was insensible when he left him, a short time before; now, signs of returning animation were visible.

"Mother!—mother! Where is mother?" he at last said, opening his eyes, and glancing from face to face of those who were gathered around him.

"You have nearly killed your mother," replied Mr. Howland, expressing, without reflection, the feeling of anger towards the lad that was still in his heart.

An instant change was visible in the countenance of Andrew; a change that caused the physician to turn suddenly from his patient, and say, in a low, severe tone—

"Sir! Do you wish to murder your child?"

Mr. Howland felt the rebuke, yet did not his eyes sink for a moment beneath the steady gaze of the physician, who, after a moment's reflection, added—

"Pray, sir, don't speak to your child in this way at the present time. It may be as much as his life is worth. If he have done wrong, his punishment has been severe enough, Heaven knows! How is his mother?"

"Better. She has recovered from her faintness," replied Mr. Howland.

The door opened while he was yet speaking, and Mrs. Howland came in, looking pale and agitated. The physician raised his finger to enjoin prudence, and then turning to Andrew, said, in a cheerful voice—

"Here is your mother, my boy."

Mrs. Howland came quickly to the bedside.—As she bent over the white-faced sufferer, the child sobbed out—

"Oh, mother!—dear mother!"

The mother's frame quivered under the pressure of intense feeling, and she was on the eve of losing all self-control, when the physician whispered in her ear—

"Be calm, madam—the life of your child may depend on it!"

Instantly the mother was calm in all that met the eye. Close to her child she bent, and with a hand laid gently on his clammy forehead, she spoke to him words of comfort and encouragement, while the physician proceeded in the work of bandaging his broken and injured limbs.

As for Mr. Howland, he walked the floor with compressed and silent lips, until the physician's work was done. He pitied the suffering boy, yet there was nothing of what he called weakness in his pity. The idea that Andrew was suffering a just retribution for his wrong conduct, was distinctly present to his mind. And he even went so far as to put up a prayer that the pain he was enduring, and must, for a long time endure, might work in him a salutary change,—might lead to his reformation.

In due time the poor boy was made as comfortable as the nature of his injuries would permit. [illegible]

"You see, my son, that punishment always follows evil conduct."

These were the first words spoken by Mr. Howland to his suffering boy, as soon as he found himself alone with him. And then he lectured him on disobedience until the poor child grew faint.

CHAPTER V.

The boy recovered, in due time, from his injuries, but there was no manifest change in his character, nor was there any relaxing of the iron hand of authority with which his father sought to hold him back from evil. It is no matter of wonder that he grew hardened and reckless as he grew older; nor that, to avoid punishment, he sought refuge in lying, secretiveness and deceit.

The other children—there were three besides Andrew—being different in character, were more easily subdued under the imperious will of their father, whom they feared more than they loved. Assuming, in his own mind, that Andrew's will had been permitted to gain strength ere an effort had been made to control it, Mr. Howland resolved not to fall into this error in the case of the children who followed; and, assuredly, he did not. Through the rigors of unfailing punishment for every act of wrong-doing, they were forced into the way he would have them go, and though rebellion was often in their hearts, it was rare, indeed, that it found its way into act, except when there was the utmost certainty that their misconduct would not be found out. Thus, they learned to act hypocritically towards their father, and to regard him as one who marred, instead of promoting their pleasure.

Mr. Howland had one son besides Andrew—one son and two daughters. Mary was next to Andrew; Edward came next to her, and Martha was the youngest. Edward resembled his father more than any of the other children. He was cold and calm in his temperament, and little inclined to be drawn aside by the restless, vagrant spirits that were ever luring Andrew from the strict line laid down for him by his father. Daily perceiving the great value attached by his father to external propriety of conduct, Edward made a merit of what to him was easy. This vexed Andrew, who had opportunities for knowing all about the worth of Edward's apparent excellencies, and he sneeringly applied to him the epithet of "Saint," which was the cause of his drawing down upon himself, in more than one instance, the displeasure of his father. But, he had become so used to censure and reproof, that it had little influence over him. Let him do wrong or right, he was almost sure to be harshly judged, and he had, by the time he was sixteen, almost ceased to care what others thought of his conduct.

Mary, whose age was next to that of Andrew, failed to acquire any influence over her brother. She had been fretful and peevish as a child, and he had worried her a good deal, and, in consequence, received frequent punishment on her account. This tended, naturally, to dissolve them, and make them cold towards each other. Instead of Mr. Howland's striving, as their mother ever did, to reconcile their difficulties, and make them friends, he would listen to Mary's complaints against Andrew, and mark his displeasure by reproof or punishment. Trifles that would have been in a little while forgotten and forgiven, were raised into importance by the stern father, and sources of unhappiness and enmity created out of the most ordinary, childish misunderstandings. Thus, in his mistaken efforts to destroy what was evil in his children, he was only rooting the evils he would remove more deeply in the groundwork of their minds. Instead of harmonizing, his action had the constant effect of disuniting them. Brotherly love and sisterly affection had small chance for growth in the family over which he presided.

For all this, out of his family Mr. Howland was highly respected and esteemed. He had the reputation of being one of the most upright, just, and humane men in the community; and many wondered that he should have so bad a son as Andrew, whose reputation abroad was little better than at home. At school he was almost constantly involved in quarrels with other boys; and, from the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Howland, complaints frequently came of his bad conduct and reckless annoyance towards neighbors. In truth, Andrew was a bad boy; self-willed and overbearing towards his companions; a trespasser on the rights and privileges of others; and determined, disobedient to his father. But for all this his father was to blame. While sternly repressing the evil in his child, he had not lovingly sought to develope the good. While rudely striving to root out the tares which the enemy had sown, he had injured the tender wheat, whose green blades were striving to lift themselves to the sunlight. Alas! how many parents, in their strange blindness, are doing the same work for their unhappy children.

Amid all the perverseness that marked the character of Andrew; amid all his heedless and wrong-doing; his attachment to Emily Winters remained as pure and earnest as when, as a child he suffered punishment rather than give up her society. Emily, who was about his own age, had grown, by this time, into a tall, graceful girl, and was verging on towards womanhood with a rapidity that made the boy's heart tremble as he marked the distance which an earlier development of body was placing between him and the only one, except his mother, that he had ever loved.

Between the families of Mr. Howland and Mr. Winters there was no intercourse. Mr. Howland early imbibed a strong prejudice against Mr. Winters, who did not happen to be a church member, and who, on that account, was believed by Mr Howland to be capable of doing almost any wrong action if tempted thereto. Certain things done by Mr. Winters, who was independent in his modes of thinking and acting, had been misunderstood by Mr. Howland, or judged by one of his peculiar standards of virtue. From that time he was considered a bad man; and, although Mrs. Winters, who was a woman beloved by all who knew her, called upon Mrs. Howland when the family of the latter came into the neighborhood, Mr. Howland positively forbade a return of the call. Less obedient to his arbitrary commands did he find his son. Andrew formed an early friendship for little Emily, and sought every opportunity, spite of restriction and punishment, to enjoy her society.

This was continued until the children grew to a size that caused the parents of Emily to observe the attachment as one far from being agreeable to them, and to feel desirous of drawing a line of separation between their daughter and a boy so notoriously bad as Andrew Howland. When the children were twelve years old, they felt bound to take some action in the case, and began by giving Andrew a gentle hint, one day, to the effect that his visits to their house were rather too frequent. This was enough for the high-spirited boy. He left, with a burning spot on his cheek, vowing, in his indignation, that he would never enter their door again, nor speak to Emily. But, it was much easier to keep the first part of this promise than the last. As early as the next day he met Emily on his way to school. She was going to school also, and had much farther to walk than himself. To enjoy her society, he went with her all the way. This made him late, and he was, in consequence, kept in by his teacher half-an-hour after his own school was dismissed. But, this punishment did not deter him from repeating the act on the next day and on the next. From that time he rarely came to school until ten or fifteen minutes after the session was opened; and, sometimes, Emily was late also. Reproof and punishment doing no good, the teacher sent a note to Andrew's father, complaining of his want of punctuality. [illegible] the boy was put on bread and water for days at a time. But, complaints from the teacher still arriving, corporeal punishment was added. No change, however, followed. In the end Andrew was sent home from school as incorrigible.

"What shall I do with the boy!" such was the despairing exclamation of Mr. Howland, when this event occurred. "Idleness will complete his ruin, and he is too young to put out."

"I will send him to sea," was the final conclusion of his mind, after debating the matter for some days, and talking with several friends on the subject. Mr. Howland was generally in earnest when he decided a matter, and but little given to change his purposes. And he was in earnest now. But, the moment his intention was announced to his wife, there came from her an unexpected and vigorous opposition.

"No, Andrew," said she, with an emphasis unusual to her in addressing her husband, "that must not be."

"I tell you it must be, Esther," quickly replied Mr. Howland. "Nothing else will save the boy."

"It lacks only that to complete his ruin," said Mrs. Howland, firmly. "Never, Andrew, never will he go on board of a vessel with my consent."

And the mother burst into tears.

"I don't wish to have any contention about this matter, Esther," said Mr. Howland, gravely, so soon as his wife had grown calm, "and I don't mean to have any. But, I wish you to understand, that I am in earnest. Being fully satisfied that the last hope for Andrew is to send him to sea, I have fully made up my mind to do it.—I have already spoken to the captain of a vessel trading to South America. A few months on ship board will tame him. He'll be glad enough to behave himself when he gets home."

"I have no faith in this remedy," replied Mrs. Howland, somewhat to the surprise of her husband, who expected to silence her, as usual, with his broadly asserted ultimatum. "Severe remedies have been tried long enough. In my view, a milder course pursued towards the boy would effect more than any other treatment."

"Mildness! Hav'n't we tried that, over and over again? And hasn't it only encouraged him to bolder acts of disobedience?"

Mrs. Howland sighed. Her mind went back to the past, but none of these instances of mild treatment could she remember. The iron hand had been on him from the beginning, crushing out the good, and hardening the evil into endurance.

"Andrew," said she, after sitting for some time with her eyes upon the floor, speaking in a very calm voice—"he is my son as well as yours—and his welfare is as dear to me as it is to you. As his mother, I am entitled to a voice in all that concerns him; and now, in the sight of heaven, I give my voice distinctly against his being sent to sea."

Mr. Howland seemed startled at this bold speaking in his wife, which, to him, amounted to little less than rebellion against his authority. As the head of the family, it was his prerogative to rule; and he had ruled, for years, with almost undisputed sway. Not in the least inclined did he feel to give up, now, the power which he believed, of right, belonged to him. A sharp retort trembled for a moment on his lips; but he kept back its utterance. He did not, however, waver a single line from his purpose, but, rather felt it growing stronger.

No more was said, at this time, by either. Mrs. Howland sought the earliest opportunity to be alone with her son, when she informed him of his father's purpose to send him to sea. Andrew was somewhat startled by this information, and replied, instantly—

"I don't want to go to sea, mother."

"Nor do I wish you to go, Andrew," said Mrs. Howland. "You are too young to bear the hard usage that would certainly fall to your lot. But, your father is very determined about the matter."

"I won't go!" boldly declared the boy.

"Andrew! Andrew! don't speak in that manner," said the mother in a reproving voice.

"I'll run away first!"

An indignant flush came into the lad's face as he said this.

Mrs. Howland was both startled and alarmed at this bold, and unexpected declaration; and for a time, she hardly knew what to say. At length, in a voice so changed that Andrew looked up, half wonderingly, into her face, she said—

"My son, do you love me?"

Not until the question was repeated, did Andrew make any reply. Then he answered, in a low, unsteady voice, for something in her manner had touched his feelings.

"You know I love you, mother, for you are the only one who loves me."

"For the sake, then, of that love, let me ask you to do one thing, Andrew," said Mrs. Howland.

"What is that, mother?"

"Go back to your teacher, and ask him to take you into the school again."

A flush came warmly into the boy's face, and he shook his head in a positive manner.

"I wish you to do it for my sake, Andrew," urged Mrs. Howland.

"I can't, mother. And it would not do any good."

"Yes it will do good. You were wrong in not going punctually to school. All that is now required of you is to acknowledge this, and ask to be restored to your place."

Andrew stood silent and gloomy by his mother's side.

"Were you not wrong in absenting yourself from school at the proper hour?" asked Mrs. Howland, in a calm, penetrating voice.

There was no reply.

"Say, Andrew?" urged the mother.

"Yes, ma'am. I suppose I was."

"Was not your teacher right in objecting to this?"

"I suppose so."

"And right in sending you home if you would not obey the rules of the school."

The boy assented.

"Very well. Then you alone are to blame for the present trouble, and it rests with you to remove it. For my sake, go back to school, promise to do right in future, and ask to be reinstated. Will not this be better than going to sea, or leaving your father's house, as you so thoughtlessly threatened to do just now?"

The tender earnestness with which Mrs. Howland spoke, more than the reasons she urged, subdued the stubborn spirit of the boy.

"You know how determined your father is," she continued. "In his intention to send you to sea, he is entirely in earnest, and nothing will prevent his doing so but your going back to school. You threaten to run away. That would avail nothing. You are but a boy, and would be restored to us in a week. Think of the trouble you will bring upon me. Andrew! Andrew! Unless you do as I desire, you will break my heart."

Giving way at this point to the pressure on her feelings, Mrs Howland wept bitterly; and, greatly subdued by his mother's grief, Andrew drew his arm around her neck, and wept with her.

"Go, dear," said Mrs. Howland, as soon as she had recovered herself, parting the hair upon the forehead of her boy, and pressing her lips upon it—"go, and secure your own self-approbation and my happiness, by doing as I desire. Go now, while your heart beats rightly. Go, and save your mother from untold wretchedness."

And again Mrs. Howland pressed her lips to his forehead. Happily, she prevailed over him. Acting from the good impulse with which she had inspired his better nature, he went to the teacher, who readily consented to take him back into the school on his promise of more orderly conduct in future.

"Andrew has gone back to school," said Mrs. Howland to her husband, on his return home in [illegible]

"Gone back to school! I thought the teacher had expelled him."

"Andrew went to him, and promised amendment."

"He did."

"Yes. After I had talked with him a long time, he consented to do so."

"It is well," briefly, and with much severity in his tone, replied Mr. Howland. He was greatly relieved at this unexpected result; although neither in word nor manner did he let his real feelings appear. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Singular Characters.

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER, THE CELEBRATED FEMALE TRAVELLER.

FROM SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

Our readers may, perhaps, recollect a short paper inserted a few months ago, and entitled "A Lady that has seen the World." It recorded my meeting with a female pilgrim to Jerusalem, who subsequently went round the earth entirely by herself, and who, when the paper was written, was on her way home to her native city, Vienna. I had often anxiously desired to meet again so remarkable a fellow-traveller, and, by the merest hazard in the world, I chanced, through a newspaper paragraph, to hear that she was at the present moment in London, and immediately obtained her address. As she was at that time lodging at a friend's house some distance from town, a meeting was appointed at his counting-house in the city. From Jerusalem to Crutched Friars was certainly a rather abrupt transition, and as I pushed my way through the multifarious obstructions of our crowded streets to the place of rendezvous, I could not help speculating as to what changes had been wrought by the interval of time and travel that had elapsed since our previous meeting.

I reached the house, hurried up two flights of dirty stairs, tapped at the door of an office differing in no respect from the thousand dark and dingy ones in the city. "Come in," was the response; and on entering, in the shadow of the room, and looking strangely out of place in the midst of a heap of ledgers and day-books, was, sure enough, the well-remembered face of my old fellow-traveller, who rose and received me with the most lively expression of satisfaction. I, too, was rejoiced to find no change for the worse in the appearance of my friend after so severe an ordeal as a journey round the world.

I remarked in my previous paper, that there was little in the person or bearing of Madame Pfeiffer (such is the name of our adventurer) to mark her out as the heroine of such a remarkable exploit. Her age may be (for in such cases we may only presume to guess,) verging, perhaps, upon fifty; her stature is small, her figure slight, her features plain, her dress homely, and her whole appearance the very reverse of commanding. Her manner is remarkably quiet, not to say even humble; and it is only in conversation with her, when her dark eye kindles into animation over the recital of some passage in her travels, that one perceives any outward manifestation of the courage and enthusiasm that so remarkably distinguish her.

After exchanging our mutual congratulations, the conversation (which was carried on in French, Madame speaking English but imperfectly) naturally turned upon the subject of her recent journey. Reminding her of our original meeting on the shores of Palestine, and of the indifference with which she endured fatigue and hardship on that occasion, I playfully observed that "I considered that she had served her apprenticeship to myself, and that I had always boasted of a pupil who had left her tutor so infinitely behind." She admitted that it was even so, and that her power of bearing privation, tested in that journey, together with the taste for travelling she then acquired, had led her to meditate still more extensive wanderings.

"It was after my journey to Iceland, which followed that into Palestine—"

"*Iceland*, my dear madam!" I exclaimed, with a sudden start. "Why, I had not the slightest notion you had ever visited that country."

"Oh, yes, and published a book about it," was her quiet reply; and she immediately resumed, "after this Iceland journey, then, I left Vienna, and embarked at Hamburg for Rio Janeiro, and, after remaining some time on the coasts of Brazil, penetrated into the interior, visited the savage tribes, and crossing the continent of South America, reached Valparaiso, which, as you know, is on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Thence I crossed over to the island of Tahiti, where, during my stay, I was on the most intimate terms with Queen Pomare. Leaving that beautiful spot, I crossed the wide Pacific Ocean to Canton, with which city I was much delighted."

"Of course," I remarked; "you do not mean the interior of the Chinese quarter, into which Europeans are not allowed to penetrate?"

"Indeed I do," was her reply. "I am, perhaps the only person that has ever gone through it. I must admit that the attempt was rash, but I could not overcome my curiosity. Madame Gutzlaff, the Missionary's wife, assured me she had never ventured to think of such a thing."

"But how did you contrive to accomplish it?" I inquired.

"I hired two native Chinese to show me about," was her reply. "On reaching the prohibited entrance of the city, it occurred to me that if I paid them then, they might, perhaps, go off and leave me. I was obliged, therefore, to resort to a little stratagem. Making signs that I had no money, but showing an order upon one of the English houses of business, I pointed to the city, and expressing, in the same way, my desire to go through it to the English quarter, they consented to accompany me through the streets. So I ventured. Such a sight had never been seen in Canton before. The people gathered in crowds, the women held up their children as I passed along, the curiosity and amazement of the people were prodigious, and your gracious Queen, on the opening of the Exhibition, could hardly be more run after than was my poor insignificant self."

"And were you not horribly afraid?" I inquired.

"Not in the least," was the reply.

"And did you meet with no insult?"

"Not the slightest. Nothing could exceed the civility of the people. After traversing the city my Chinese guides brought me to the house of the English merchant, who could scarcely believe that I had accomplished so unprecedented an enterprise. Well, from Canton I visited several of the principal ports of China, and thence, touching at Singapore, made my way to Ceylon, where, not satisfied with remaining at Point de Galle, I visited the capital, Kandy. Calcutta was the next point of my journey. I ascended the Ganges on the deck of a [illegible], went far into the interior, examined the antiquities, visited the courts of some of the native Princes, by whom I was kindly received, and, satisfied with my survey of India, returned to the coast, embarked for the Persian Gulf, and then ascending the Tigris, looked in upon Dr. Layard in the midst of his excavations at Nineveh."

Such a narrative of adventure, and from the mouth of a female, might well take away one's breath. I really seemed to be dreaming as I looked upon the frail little body before me, and heard her describe a [illegible] of a boarding-school would throw into her account of the perils of a journey to Bath. [illegible] Madame, renewing her narrative, quietly went on.

"I entered next upon a rather dangerous journey among the [illegible] tribes of Kurdistan. Here I more than once fell into the hands of robbers."

"You surely were not alone on this occasion!" I exclaimed.

"Entirely so," she replied; "and to that cause I probably owed my complete immunity from outrage. What could they do? They saw before them a poor unprotected woman, advanced in years and with all she possessed in the world done up in a small bundle. They would stop my horse, gaze upon me with astonishment, ask a few questions, and then suffer me to pass on unmolested. On one occasion, being exhausted with thirst, I begged for water from the leathern bottles they carry it about in, and they gave it me immediately."

"Then there are many more Robin Hoods than have ever been commemorated in song; there is honor even among thieves. Human nature is the same in the forest of Sherwood and the wilds of Kurdistan!"

"Well," she resumed "after I had done with the Kurds, I made my way through Persia and Circassia to the shores of the Black Sea, along which I sailed to Constantinople; thence to Greece, Sicily, and Italy, and so back to my own door at Vienna, after an absence of *three years*. And now guess, what do you think this journey cost me?"

Having already observed the simple and self-denying habits of my old companion, I was prepared for a rather low estimate, but when I considered the mere distance she had gone over, without allowing her any thing to eat, I mentally named a figure, (a sum of several hundreds,) which some experience in travel led me to fix upon as the very minimum of her expense. What was my surprise, then, when she declared that she had performed this extensive series of wanderings into the interior of so many countries, where the means of conveyance are almost wanting, for the insignificant sum of a hundred and fifty pounds!

The next time I met Madame was at the hospitable house of a friend. She had been making the most of her short stay in London, had visited the principal objects of interest, and been present at the inauguration of the Glass Palace by her Majesty. She confessed that the vastness of London oppressed her, and it was not one of the slightest instances of her courage and self-reliance, that she boldly sallied forth one morning to make her way on foot from Hackney to Piccadilly, with nothing but an address-card, and the merest smattering of English to guide her in her devious course.

The conversation turned upon her present plans. Far from her taste for travel having been satisfied, it seemed only "to have grown by what it fed on," and she was already preparing for a second voyage around the globe. Although scientific research was not to be expected from a solitary woman, yet her travels had not been without fruit, since she had made collections in botany and entomology which formed a valuable addition to the museum of Vienna. The Austrian Government had not merely paid her for these, but had made her a present of a hundred pounds towards the prosecution of her further adventures, while the Professors had given her instructions in the best mode of preserving specimens, and collecting objects of value to science.

Her present views were to go by the Cape to Australia and New Zealand, and thence to Borneo and the islands of the Indian Archipelago. She had already taken her passage, and was to sail during the following week.

Reverting to the manner in which I had rediscovered her, I observed, that it was through a New York newspaper, under the head of "What is talked about," stating that she was in that city, after performing her voyage round the world. What was my surprise to learn, then, "that she was never there in all her life," and that the statement was a pure mystification, like so many others in which our transatlantic brethren seem to delight. "It was this account," I remarked, "that contained your adventure with a robber, stating moreover that you had valiantly defended yourself, and cut off one or two of your adversary's fingers with a knife, and that, I suppose, is also an invention of the editor's."

"On the contrary," she replied, "it is strictly true. I was travelling through the wild interior of Brazil, in company with Count ——, whom you remember made one of our party to Mar Saba and the Dead Sea. We were attended by a single servant, and having understood that the road was safe, had neglected to provide ourselves with defensive weapons. On passing through a secluded spot, we were suddenly attacked by a powerful negro armed with a sword. He rushed upon the Count, who being unable to parry the blow, received a severe wound, when I drew forth a clasp knife which I carried about my person, and in the excitement of the moment rushed upon the robber, and cut him desperately in his hands. [illegible] whereupon the negro took to flight."

"Did you receive no injury in the conflict?" I inquired.

"Far from it, I have [illegible] with me a lasting memento," was the reply, as she then unrolled her arm, enveloped in a muslin sleeve, and invited me to make an examination of it. As I did so, my [illegible] sank, with a shrinking sensation, into a hollow, midway between the elbow and the shoulder, the token of a deep and ghastly wound, which she will carry with her to the grave.

Reminiscences such as these filled up the remainder of our interview. I was disappointed in my hope of seeing this extraordinary traveller again. She has set out upon her long and perilous enterprise, in a time of life when most persons are only anxious to repose calmly by the fireside for the remainder of their days. Notwithstanding the old proverb concerning "the pitcher and the well," let us earnestly hope that she may return safe and sound to her own home, and add another chapter to the record of her most marvellous experiences.

Selected Articles.

HIS POOR MOTHER HAS GOT THE WORST OF IT.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

On a dark evening, when a drizzling rain fell, two men in their working-day clothes were passing down a narrow street. They were conversing in low but animated tones, and [illegible] that a stranger was in near proximity to them.

"Aye!" exclaimed one of them, with a half [illegible] sigh, "but his poor mother has got the worst of it."

Now there was a great deal of meaning in that little sentence, much more than reached the ear; and the very manner, half pathetic, half reproachful, in which it was spoken, was calculated to enlist the [illegible] as well as sympathy of a passer-by.

The words ring even yet in our ears, and bring to our mind a sunny-faced child, who [illegible] his mother's heart daily, from the time he was old enough to speak. [illegible] then she in her love for him, that she lost sight of his unkindness, [illegible] if she might only keep him in her humble home and close by her side. His passions grew with indulgence; for that mother was such an one, that when she chastised her child for wilful disobedience, she was willing to go on her knees the next moment and crave his pardon for every blow.

The consequence may be imagined; he grew up utterly incorrigible, joined a company of [illegible], followed the sea for a few years, was a pest wherever he went on account of his wretched temper, mutinied, and was hung at the yard-arm before he was twenty-five years of age.

His connections were good and wide spread; a lovely wife, who had been but a few years married to him, bowed her head, never again to hold it up with honest pride; his little child bore the stigma of his crime; his only and amiable brother blushed for his name, but "his poor mother had the worst of it."

She could remember the angel babe; she could never forget the sinless smile, the cherub face that first blessed her sight with its beauty; she it was who taught him the first lisping word, held his chubby hand, and guided his doubting footsteps; her bosom was his first, holiest shrine; if a playmate wounded him, the sight of the fresh blood sent the warm current of her own, like cold waves upon her heart—and oh! to know that he had been hoisted at the yard-arm with a rope around his blackened throat,—to feel that, and still live—what horrible agony to endure! She had wept over him when the exhausted sleep of sickness bore the semblance of death, and shuddered at the thought of a coffin or a tomb;—now the underswell of the wild waters tossed his dishonored corpse from deep to deep, till the dissolving element should mar and wash away every trace of beauty and humanity. Yes, his poor mother had indeed "the worst of it."

And now when we read in the records of crime that are daily thrust upon the observer of events, of some young, ambitious being, who had been led to break the law of his country, who has put the false stamp upon the false metal, who has robbed the drawer of his employer to avail himself of expensive pleasures, we cannot but think of the observation that heads this article—"Ah! his poor mother had the worst of it."

We never think upon a woman sitting in some obscure chamber, and long after the midnight bell has tolled the central hour of darkness, toiling away upon patched-up garments, adding here and there a sample of faded cloth, and tremblingly waiting the approach of her inebriate child, but we feel to murmur, as we see him in fancy shouting at the tavern bar—"Alas! his poor mother has the worst of it."

We never behold a parting, even, where the cherished child leaves the first land for a perilous life upon the ocean, and see standing around, the brothers, the sisters, friends, companions, and in the midst of all, a bowed down, tearful parent, but we involuntarily exclaim—"That poor mother has the worst of it!"

A few days since a lady called at our office; a woman upon whose brow time had begun to press his whitening fingers; and after speaking with us for a time, she remarked to us that her daughter would leave her that afternoon, to rejoin her husband in a distant land; and her lip quivered, the tears rushed to her eyes, and her bosom heaved with her suppressed emotion.—That simple announcement, and the earnest manner, told a world of love, and those tears, few though they were, a world of grief. How could I forbear thinking—"That poor mother has the worst of it."

And thus it is, in every time of sorrow, when the heart is heavy, and the head bowed down; when poverty and misery vie with each other in crushing the child of misfortune; in every desertion from duty that involves the mistaken participator in fresh and more perplexing difficulties, in the endurance of every punishment sent by Heaven or man, upon the guilty offender, especially in the dark hours of death, and by the open grave where the unconscious child of her affection lies, ready to be placed in his last earthly home, we may say with feeling and with truth—"His poor mother has the worst of it."

FALL FLAT ON THE PROMISES.—A negro in Virginia, who was remarkable for his good sense and his knowledge of the essential truths of Christianity, and especially for his freedom from all gloomy fears in regard to his eternal state, was once addressed in this wise: "You seem to be always comfortable in the hopes of the gospel. I wish you would tell me how you manage it to keep so steadily in this blessed frame of mind?"

"Why, massa," he replied, "I just fall flat on the promises, and I pray right up."

The Market.

Miscellaneous.

New Publications.

Saturday Evening Post.

Clippings.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

[illegible] JULY 5, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

[illegible] We shall publish during the year [illegible] of other well-known authors. We have a series of articles now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz:

THE IRON HAND, by T. S. Arthur.

THE BRIDE OF THE BREAKER, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," &c.

LETTERS ON IOWA, by Caleb Wright. Illustrated by Several Engravings. The Author has travelled more than 40,000 miles for the express purpose of collecting information respecting the various races of people whose peculiar customs, habits, and superstitions, he describes.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

General News.

MARTYRS OF FREEDOM.

The Florence correspondent of the Newark Advertiser has some interesting details of the cruelties enacted by the various governments of Italy. After giving a number of instances, it comes to those perpetrated in Naples, in the name of Justice:

Within five or six days the noble but unfortunate young Carlo Poerio, and several of his companions, were consigned to the most foetid spot on Island of Ischia—where, says one letter, amidst the basest criminals, and bearing heavy chains, which bind their bodies, with rough shirts that lacerate the flesh accustomed to clean, soft garments, they remain deprived of everything that can make life endurable. They sleep on the bare ground in preference to old straw beds, which, having been occupied by the filthiest criminals, diffuse an insupportable stench, and are alive with vermin. Two bottles of water and coarse bread and meat is their daily allowance; but fire is not allowed for any purpose; nor lights, books, papers, stationery, or even the most indispensable vessels, for human necessities. This denial of every means of decency as well as comfort, so affected the commandant of the post, in view of the delicate character of the prisoners, that he ventured to make a respectful protest to his superiors—for which act of humanity he was forthwith removed.

On the last day of the last month 36 other political prisoners, manacled and tied together, were taken from the prison of San Francisco to the light of day, and in the presence of a mourning multitude, driven up the steep hill of the prison of Santa Maria. Three of them were octogenarians—pallid, weary, infirm and well born gentlemen, whose only crime is having hearts to feel for the oppressed of their poorer countrymen. The learned Deputy Domenico Giannattasio—so well known in the country for his probity, was also of the number. The sister of one of them is also suffering in another prison the cruelest privations for the crime of sympathizing with her brother. Another young lady of highly respectable parentage (Josephine Corsini) was subsequently torn from home in the night by the police, in the midst of the frantic protestations of her mother, on suspicion of a conspiracy for the rescue of her friend. Antonio Dohomali, formerly President of the Constitutional Club, and a few days after condemned to perpetual imprisonment, a noble Martyr in the cause of Liberty.

Lugi Settembrini, a learned man of unimpeachable morals, has just been condemned to die on a charge of having used his learning to diffuse the doctrines of civil and religious liberty enshrined in the American Constitution. His speech in his own defence is worthy the martyr's crown.

"I hope that I have clearly demonstrated that I am neither a sectary nor a conspirator, and even from this felon's bench I can say with a lofty brow that *I am an honest man*. If it be imputed to me as a crime to be honest, to have believed that virtue is an illusion, to have spent my life in labor, toils and pains of every sort, to have dedicated myself fondly to the instruction of the young and to the performance in the would of my share of good; if this is my crime, put me to death, I disdain to live where virtue is a crime. I shall go to present myself before another Judge, and from Him I shall have that justice which men deny me. Awaiting serenely your decision, I wish before you, and all who listen to me, to give a last and solemn lesson to my children. I wish that they may pardon the persecutors of their father, because they know not what they do; I wish that they may preserve dear and grateful the memory of Andrea Laurie my defender. To you, O Judges, I have only to say, bear in mind the evils of the times; remember that every man, even yourselves may be calumniated in the same way; remember that after your decision comes the decision of all Europe, which observes you—comes the sentence *of God*, by whom all the men and all the judges of the earth are to be judged!"

In his letter to his wife, this noble man says:

"I shall die with the certainty that my blood will be fruitful of good to my country, and to my Gigia, to my Raffaele, to my Giulia. To you, and my dear children, it will not bring shame that I died on the gallows. You will one day be honored by it. You will be crushed with anguish, I know it, but command your heart, my Gigia, preserve your life for our dear children, to whom you will say that my soul will be ever with you all three, that I see you, that I hear you, that I continue to love you as I loved you, and as I love you in this terrible hour. I leave to my children the example of my life, and a name which I have ever sought to preserve immaculate and honored. You will tell them to remember these words which I uttered before the court on the day of my defence. You will tell them that blessing them and kissing them a thousand times, I leave to them three precepts—To recognize and adore God; to love labor; to love, above everything, their country."

ECCENTRIC MOVEMENT OF THE FIXED STARS.—At a meeting of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, held on May 31st, last, the venerable Alexander Von Humboldt made an interesting communication upon some observations of singular movements of fixed stars. It seems that at Trieste, January 17, 1851, between 7 and 8 o'clock, P. M., before the rising of the moon, when the star Sirius was not far from the horizon, it was seen to perform a remarkable series of eccentric movements. It rose and sank, moved left and right, and sometimes seemed to move in a curved line. The observers were Mr. Keone, a student in the upper class of the gymnasium, and Mr. Thegutt, a saddler, both certified to be reliable persons. The family of the latter also beheld the phenomena. Mr. Keone, with his head leaned immovably against a wall, saw Sirius rise in a right line above the roof of a neighboring house, and immediately again sink out of sight behind it, and then again appear.—Its motions were so considerable that for some time the beholders thought it was a lantern suspended by a kite. It also varied in brilliancy, growing alternately brighter and fainter, and now and then being for moments quite invisible, though the sky was perfectly clear. As far as it is known, the phenomenon has been remarked but twice before, once in 1790, from the Peak of Teneriffe, by Von Humboldt himself, and again nearly fifty years later, by a well informed and very careful observer, Prince Adalbert, of Prussia.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SECESSION FROM THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Rev. B. F. Augsbrodt, of Cincinnati, a distinguished minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has written a letter of considerable length to Bishop McIlvaine, withdrawing from his connection with that Church. He says, he believes the Church needs reformation, but that it cannot be reformed. He therefore must resign from it, as he cannot give his influence to what he cannot but regard as fundamentally wrong. He bases his objections upon what he regards as the evident Romish tendency of the Church. It is not stated what denomination he proposes to connect himself with; but he leans strongly towards Presbyterianism.

EXCOMMUNICATED.—We understand that Bishop Timon, last Sabbath, caused a pastoral letter to be read in all the churches of his diocese, formally excommunicating St. Louis Church and congregation. The church has been deprived of its priests for two or three months past, because it would not surrender it comparatively into the hands of the bishop, and this extreme step has been taken as a further punishment of the "schismatic" trustees, who insist that the control of the church property shall remain where it was placed by the donor, the late Louis Le Couteulx.—*Buff. Com. Adv.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA WHIG CONVENTION.—In a large portion of last week's edition, we gave a summary of the proceedings of the [illegible]

[illegible]

The Convention then proceeded to ballot for five candidates for Judges of the Supreme Court. The first ballot resulted as follows:

Wm. M. Meredith, Philadelphia,	77
Richard Coulter, Westmoreland,	125
Joshua W. Comly, Montour,	102
George Chambers, Franklin,	97
Wm. Jessup, Susquehanna,	66
Jos. H. Buffington, Armstrong,	65
Daniel M. Smyser, Adams,	24
John H. Walker, Erie,	19
David F. Gordon, Berks,	30
James T. Hale, Centre,	27
D. H. Mulvany, Montgomery,	11
Kelton C. Rogers, Bucks,	5
B. O. Perry, Schuylkill,	2
John Banks, Berks,	1

The whole number of votes polled was 128, and the Chair decided a majority, 65, to nominate. The first four on the above list were accordingly chosen. All an after ballot, Mr. Jessup, of Susquehanna, was also chosen by 77 votes. The Convention soon after adjourned.

OHIO.—The people of Ohio have, by a large majority, decided to accept the new Constitution lately prepared for them by a Convention elected for that purpose. The following section, which was submitted in a separate vote, has been already approved, if not adopted:

"No license to traffic in intoxicating liquors shall hereafter be granted in this State, but the General Assembly may, by law, provide against evils resulting therefrom."

MISSISSIPPI.—The nominations for Congress in Mississippi are complete. All the members of the late Congress are candidates for re-election. They are opposed by Union candidates. All the candidates on both sides are Democrats. Both candidates for Governor will be Democratic; Gen. Foote the Union candidate, Gen. Quitman the Southern Rights candidate.

VERMONT.—Lucius B. Peck, nominated for Governor by the Free Soil Convention, at Burlington, Vermont, declines to be a candidate, and gives his reasons in a letter to the Montpelier Patriot. He says that he cannot assent to the resolutions passed by the Convention, inasmuch as he believes the Fugitive Slave Law to be constitutional, and he cannot admit that the act passed by the last Legislature, authorizing the State courts to take by *habeas corpus* a slave out of the hands of United States officers, is a just exercise of the powers of the State.

CONNECTICUT.—The House of Representatives have indefinitely postponed the election of a U. S. Senator. The last ballot stood:—Baldwin, Whig and Free Soil, 101; Seymour, Democrat, 97; scattering 7.

The Connecticut Liquor Bill has been concurred in by both branches of the Legislature, which added a proviso that, on account of its stringency—prohibiting the sale of ardent spirits in that State,—it shall be first approved by the people.

☞ According to the New York papers, some one in that city has been cheating the government out of from one hundred thousand to half a million of dollars.

WHAT A HOD-MAN CAN DO.—Many people turn up their noses at what they call "dirty work," although all honest labor was not cleaner than many kid glove ways of swindling one's way through the world. Rather than our living to the latter, we would infinitely prefer to shake carpets or sweep chimneys at fifty cents per day. A day or two since we learned an instructive bit of history touching a doer of "dirty work"—a hod-man. No matter where he was born, he was none the worse for being a Turkman or an Irishman. He came to this city about ten years ago, young, healthy, and honest. He could get no employment but hod-carrying, and he carried as well as to earn at once his dollar a day. He procured cheap but good lodgings; spent none of his money in groggeries or low places; attended church on the Sabbath; educated himself on evenings; laid up money; and at the end of five years bought a lot in the city, and built a pretty cottage. In one year more he found a good wife, and used the cottage he had before rented out. For these six years he had steadily carried his hod. He was a noted worker, an acknowledged scholar, and a noble pattern of a man. On the opening of the eighth year his talents and integrity were called to a more profitable account. He embarked as a partner in a professional business already well established.—This day he is worth at least $100,000, has a lovely wife and two beautiful children, a home that is the centre of a brilliant, social and intellectual circle, and he is one of the happiest and most honored of men as far as he is known. So much has come of a hod-man.—*New Yorker.*

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT SCLAVONIAN IDOL.—The German papers state that about three weeks ago, as some boatmen were dredging in the River Zbrucz, which separates Gallicien from Russian Podolia, they came on a colossal statue in stone, which they succeeded in bringing safe to land. The height is about eighteen feet, and the figure has four heads covered with curly hair, and without beard. It was recognized immediately to be the representation of Swantevit, one of the principal gods of the old Sclavonian race. It is supposed to have lain in the water for at least ten centuries, and is in excellent preservation, nothing being wanting except the bow and horn, the former from the right hand, and the second from the left. This divinity had a celebrated temple at Arkona, in the Isle of Rugen, where human victims were sometimes offered up. This temple, remarkable for the wealth which it contained, was destroyed in 1168, by Waldemar I., King of Denmark. This statue, which is the only one extant of the divinity, has been presented by Count Potocki, on whose ground it was found, to the University of Cracow.

NOSE LOST AND RECOVERED.—The New York Journal of Commerce tells the following:—

A servant girl of unusually pleasing personal appearance, living in the family of Doctor Clark, dentist, on Sunday evening, 25th May, accidentally thrust her head through a glass door, completely cutting off the larger portion of her nose. After the lapse of some minutes the piece was found adhering to the broken glass. It was immediately placed in its proper position by Dr. C., and so held until adhesive plaster could be obtained, when it was secured as well as circumstances would permit. At the expiration of about two weeks, the plaster was removed, and the operation found triumphantly successful, and now (June 18) there can be observed no more deformity than would be caused by a slight scratch. After the operation Dr. C. consulted an eminent surgeon, who remarked that all had been done that was necessary, but that he had no confidence that the parts would ever unite.—The above is made public that all may know the effect of promptness in similar cases. Dr. C. has the gratification of knowing that a human face has been saved from disfigurement for life.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD—FROM PITTSBURG TO PHILADELPHIA IN A DAY.—The Pittsburg Journal of Friday week says, the Pennsylvania Central Road at that end of the route has the grading and bridging completed, with one exception, to Turtle Creek, and arrangements are made to put on a line of stage coaches to run from the railroad depot at Turtle Creek to Latrobe, in Westmoreland county, to which point the railroad coming westward will soon be completed. This will leave a gap of but 25 miles in the Railroad between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, to be filled by stage coaches. This new arrangement will go into operation on the 1st of September, when *the passage to Philadelphia will be made in less than a day.*

STRAWBERRIES.—The strawberry trade of New Jersey is much greater than would be supposed. It is said that on one night of week before last one hundred and thirty-two wagons full of the fruit passed over the Hoboken ferry, principally from the vicinity of Hackensack, Paterson, New Durham, and Bergen. One gardener, near Bergen, is said to have cleared $1,500 this season. A large profit is reported to be derived also from the manufacture of baskets in which the fruit is conveyed to market, although they are sold at the low rate of one cent each.

THE MORMONS.—The New York Tribune, alluding to the rapid progress of Mormonism, says: "What is it that brings such men into the Mormon Church? Is it that spirit of religious fanaticism which is said to prompt adherence to the greatest absurdities, provided they arrogate to themselves a supernatural character? Or is it some depraved and perverted instinct of the heart seeking justification for immorality under the sanctions of religion? Or is it something more and different from these? We confess that it is not clear to our comprehension. There is a mystery in the matter we do not pretend to solve."

SINGULAR CASE.—A strange bigamy case has arisen in Brooklyn; a young woman named Olive E. Marvin, being charged with marrying one Michael G. Rutherford, during the life of her proper husband, one John Marvin. The defence is that she believed Marvin to be dead, a body like his, and with precisely similar clothing, having been found in the river. Her parents examined the body, and testify that they bel[illegible] it that of Marvin, and so informed their [illegible]

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The severe regulations respecting the existing Dutch officers by civilians in Salzburg, which [illegible]

[illegible]

The military force in Ireland is now reduced to 20,000 men.

The crops in Ireland never looked better or well. An abundant harvest is anticipated.

Telegraphic advices from Rome of the 3rd of June, received via Vienna, announce the advance of Austrian troops into the Papal province of Spoleto. The intelligence is official. The *Lithographic Correspondence*, also an official medium of publication, adds that the movement has taken place in conformity with a Convention passed between the Austrian, French and Papal Governments.

FLAX COTTON IN ENGLAND.—The editor of the New York Tribune, who is attending the World's Fair, in a letter to that paper, speaks of the flax cotton *discovery* of Claussen, the investigation of which subject the editor announced as one of the objects of his visit to London. After referring to the mode by which the flax fibre can be so dissolved through chemical agents, that it loses its coarseness and hardness, and becomes as soft and fine as the best cotton, he gives Mr. Claussen's estimates of the probable cost of the new material:

He says that the flax straw, or the ripe, dry plant, as it comes from the field, with the seed taken off, may be grown even in England for $10 per ton, but he will concede its cost for the present to be $15 per ton, delivered, as it is necessary that liberal inducements shall be given for its extensive cultivation. Six tons of the straw or flax in the hurdle will yield one ton of dressed and clean fibre, the cost of dressing which, by his methods, so as to make it flax cotton, is $25 per ton. (Our superior Western machinery ought considerably to reduce this.) The total cost of the flax cotton, therefore, will be $125 per ton, or six cents per pound; while flax, as it comes from the field, is worth $15 per ton; should this come down to $10 per ton, the cost of the fibre will be reduced to $95 per ton, or less than five cents per pound.

Some of his flax cotton is common through [illegible] from the flax island staple, while in other samples he has given the character of wool, very closely. I can imagine no reason why this cotton should not be spun and woven as easily as any other. The staple may be rendered of any desired length, though the usual average is about two inches. It is as white as any cotton, being made so by an easy and cheap bleaching process. M. Claussen's process, in lieu of rotting, requires but *three hours* for its completion. It takes the flax as it comes from the field, only somewhat dryer, and with the seed beaten off, and renders it thoroughly fit for breaking. The plant is allowed to ripen before it is harvested, so that the seed is all saved, while the tediousness and injury to the fibre, not to speak of the unwholesomeness of the old fashioned rotting processes, are entirely obviated. Where warmth is desirable in the fabrics contemplated, the staple is made to resemble wool quite closely. Specimens dyed red, blue, yellow, &c., are exhibited, to show how readily and satisfactorily the flax cotton takes any color that may be desired. Beside these lie rolls of flannels, feltings, and almost every variety of plain textures, fabricated wholly or in good part from flax as prepared for spinning under M. Claussen's patent, proving the adaptation of this fibre to almost every use now subserved by either cotton or wool. The mixtures of cotton and flax, flax cotton and wool, are excellent and serviceable fabrics.

Mr. Greely says that overtures have been made to M. Claussen for the purchase of his American patent, but as yet without definite result, and he adds that—

Whether the patent is sold or held, there will next year be parties ready to buy roughly dressed flax to work up under it, and it is preparation to grow such flax that I am urging. I believe nothing more important or more auspicious to our interests has occurred for years than this discovery by M. Claussen. He made it in Brazil, while engaged in the growth of cotton. It will not supersede cotton, but it will render it no longer indispensable by providing a substitute equally cheap, equally serviceable, and which may be grown almost everywhere.

FRIENDLY AND UNFRIENDLY DOINGS.—The Woodbury Constitution States that the Friends' Meeting House, at Haddonfield, New Jersey, one of the most venerable religious edifices in the country, was lately destroyed by one of the opposition parties into which the ancient Society was divided some twenty-four years ago, during the discussions about the doctrines set forth by Elias Hicks. At the time of this great division among the Friends, the adherents of the two parties in this meeting agreed amicably to occupy different parts of this old Meeting House, and accordingly the partition was let down, and for twenty-four years each party met peaceably in its own section. Lately, however, symptoms of uneasiness began to be manifested. The Constitution says that the several parties differed about a proposal to tear down the old edifice and build a more modern one, and after much controversy, no satisfactory result being arrived at, the one party took a posse of about thirty laborers, and tore down the whole building on the 19th of May. Which party it was, is not stated.

IMPORTANT TO POSTMASTERS.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, writing from Washington, gives the following information, interesting to Postmasters:—

It will be recollected that soon after the present Postmaster-General came into office, he rescinded the order of Cave Johnson, made in 1845, allowing to Postmasters certain extra commissions. Some months ago, the Sixth Auditor, in the case of James Graham, a late Postmaster in Ohio, having acquiesced in the recent decision, William Hunt, the attorney of Graham, appealed from the decision. This morning Comptroller Whittlesey, in an able report, reversed the decision, and directed the allowance of the claim.

A BREAST PLATE FOR SOLDIERS.—In Paris a new kind of cuirass, for the use of the army, is shortly to be tried. This cuirass is of *vulcanised India rubber*, about half an inch thick. This thickness, it is stated, is more than sufficient to resist the action of a ball projected from any kind of firearm. All the experiments tried have proved entirely successful. The force of the ball is completely broken by the elasticity of the India rubber, and it falls on the ground at the feet of the person against whom it was sent.

A SINGULAR STORY.—At a Free Soil meeting at Burlington, Vermont, recently, Milton Clark, a fugitive slave, stated that when he escaped from Slavery into the Free States, he was supplied by friends with letters to different persons, to help him on his way Northward, and among them was one to Millard Fillmore, now President, who seemed rejoiced at his escape, harbored him, gave him money, and helped him on his way.

VERMONT CONGREGATIONALISTS.—The Vermont Congregational Convention, which held its annual meeting at Bradford, Vermont, week before last, rejected, by a vote of 82 to 4, a resolution to dissolve all connection with the Old School General Assembly, as a pro-slavery body. They afterwards appointed delegates to attend the next session of the Assembly, in Charleston, S. Carolina.

MURDERERS SENTENCED.—Shelton, Taylor, and Murphy, convicted in Maryland of the murder of the Gordon family, have been sentenced to be hung. The Judge made a very long and very feeling address to the prisoners. The law allows an indulgence of twenty days after sentence before execution. The Executive will fix an early day for the execution of the sentence.

DEATH OF MARY OSGOOD.—We learn with regret that Mary Osgood, the youngest daughter of S. S. Osgood, the artist, and the lamented Frances Sargent Osgood, died, at the Spingler Institute, on Wednesday night week. She was about twelve years old, and was a child of rare beauty and unusual precocity of intellect. Several of Mrs. Osgood's poems were addressed to her.

AN EXTENSIVE FARM.—At Crawfordsville, Indiana, a few days since, H. L. Ellsworth, of Lafayette, entered in the land office 197 quarter sections of land, making 28,160 acres. It is understood the company for which he is acting authorized him to have 5,000 acres put in cultivation during the present year.—*Wabash Democrat.*

THE WEVIL.—The farmers in the counties of Ontario and Yates, New York, are a good deal alarmed by the appearance in their wheat fields of this destructive insect. It first made its appearance in that region last year, but did little damage. Present appearances indicate that it may this season be more destructive.

SLAVES EMANCIPATED.—The will of Elihu Cresswell, the great slave trader, was probated on the 19th ult. He orders all the slaves he may die possessed of, being over one hundred, to be sent to a free State, at the expense of his mother in Carolina, to whom he has bequeathed the balance of his estate.

KIDNAPPING A BOY.—The Watertown (Wis.) Register, states that a little son (6 years old) of Jedediah Clark, of Shields, Dodge County, was lately carried off by a man named Rhoads. The motive of the kidnapper is unknown, or at least not mentioned.

OUR OLDEST GENERAL GONE.—General Arbuckle, of the United States Army, whose death at Fort Smith is mentioned, was more than fifty years in the service. He was eighty years old at the [illegible] his death.

AWFUL ACCIDENT IN LOUISIANA'S THEATRE.—AN AWFUL ENDING OF AN EVENING!—One of the most terrible accidents of which we have heard or read for many a long year, occurred last evening at the St. Louis Theatre.—At about 9 o'clock, and while the second act of the drama of Jack Sheppard was proceeding in the front part of the stage, a portion of the company were arranging for a dance in a back scene, and of course concealed from view of the audience. Mrs. Shaw, a very estimable lady of the corps, had just completed her toilette and came [illegible] upon the stage, when she stopped to converse with Mr. Watson, relating to some matter of the performance. Suddenly, [illegible] had a cord been severed, when a huge [illegible] suspending the lamp from the ceiling, slipped from its fastenings and fell to the ground, striking Mrs. Shaw on the top of the head. She uttered a faint "Oh, my God," and in a moment fell stone dead upon the stage, which was soon covered with her blood. Of course, the performance was immediately suspended.

Mrs. Shaw came to this country as Miss Kemble, and is the grand-daughter of Stephen Kemble, and grand niece of the famous Mrs. Siddons. Her husband is at present in New Orleans. She was a general favorite of the company, all of whom are shocked and grieved beyond expression at her tragic and untimely end. She had been watching the whole afternoon by the bedside of Mrs. Lorton, another member of the same company, who died last evening of cholera at the Indian Queen Hotel; had closed the eyes of that actress in death, and had doubtless gone to sustain her own part for the evening with many a sad and gloomy thought. As we saw her about ten o'clock last evening, laid out upon the lounge of the Green Room, just as she fell, with the gay and elegant robes of the stage still upon her, we could not contemplate the shocking picture without a pang and a shudder.—*St. Louis Am. 17th inst.*

A SELF-MADE DIGNITARY.—A London correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer relates the following incident attending the opening of the World's Fair. The man who could successfully pass himself off as an "Ambassador," ought to have been a Yankee:

Conspicuous among the *corps diplomatique*, and in immediate proximity to the very throne of royalty, was a person in the costume of Mandarin, who had assumed that position as of right, and whom the public and the officials of the Exhibition believed to be the "Chinese Ambassador."

This dignitary made the acquaintance on the spot, and upon his own introduction, of the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Anglesea, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many other of the highest persons in the realm; and was regarded with extreme respect by the Assembly, until it was remarked that when he joined the "procession" which accompanied the Queen in making the circuit of the Exhibition, his diplomatic brethren seemed rather to give the Chinaman the "cold shoulder;" and at length a little inquiry and reflection awakened a remembrance of the fact that there is no such person as a "Chinese Ambassador" in London; and the discovery of a most superb imposture was at length completed by the circumstance that a gentleman of the Morning Post (newspaper) recognized in his *soi-disant* Excellency no less or other a person than the distinguished Mandarin who exhibited himself daily in the Chinese Junk, "at a small charge of one shilling;" and of whose actual rank and dignity in the Celestial Empire, a malicious rumor alleges, on our own positive knowledge, to be such as we may deduce from the fact that his Excellency first visited the country in the capacity of a *ship's cook*. This discovery, however, was not made until the ceremonial of "opening" the Exhibition was concluded, and the Mandarin retired in peace, having succeeded most brilliantly in his undertaking, and receiving from the not yet undeluded crowd outside the building, the warmest demonstrations of respect and welcome, as he passed through their ranks on his way to his official residence in the *Thames Basin*.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.—Messrs. Foster and Fleeson, of the Pittsburg Despatch, were tried in that city last week for libel, for commenting upon the character of a certain individual, who presided at a public temperance meeting. By the Bill of Rights under the Constitution of the State, the public press is free to discuss the acts of the Legislature, of those occupying official positions, or who may be in a *public capacity*. Col. Foster, in conducting his own defence, took the ground that the prosecutor was acting in a "public capacity" as chairman of a public meeting, the object of which was to instruct the Legislature, the public and the Court, in relation to its duties; that it was of great advantage to the public to know what kind of men presided over and composed this meeting, and that with good motives and justifiable ends the publication had been made for public information. Judge McClure charged the jury favorably to this construction, that not only Legislators and office-seekers and holders under the State and National Government were acting in a public capacity, but that others might be considered to come within the meaning of the law. The jury acquitted the defendants on this ground, and fixed the costs on the prosecutor.

CALIFORNIA FARMING.—No notion, says the Sacramento Transcript, about California can be more unfounded than that it is unfitted for agriculture. On the contrary, it has some of the best farming land in the world. At present it receives breadstuffs from Ohio, Oregon, the Atlantic States, and elsewhere. But the following account of Mr. Horner's rancho shows its own capabilities:

It is situated in San Jose Valley, and contains 1,000 acres of land, and is inclosed by an iron fence, which alone cost $10,150. Last Autumn 300 acres only were under cultivation, 280 of which were planted in potatoes, the rest in turnips, tomatoes, onions, &c.

The last sack of the potato crop has been sold, and the gross proceeds of the crop have amounted to $176,000. There have been eighty hands employed on the Rancho, and the total expense of carrying it on during the season has been $80,000. The sacks in which the potatoes have been shipped cost above $8,000, while the gross receipts for the total crop of the Rancho have amounted to 225,000.

This season the entire 1,000 acres are under cultivation, six hundred and fifty being planted in potatoes, and the remainder in other vegetables.

A NEW SOURCE OF REVENUE TO RAILROADS.—The Western cattle-dealers now use the railroads for the transit to market of their cattle. In a Louisville paper we see that ninety head of beef were recently sent by the Little Miami and Columbus roads to Cleveland, and thence by steamer to Buffalo, and from that place by railroad to New York city. The cost of transportation was $14 45 per head. The owner sold immediately, on satisfactory terms, and returned home, having been absent eleven days. Not the least accident or difficulty occurred, and there was very little shrinking in the cattle. To drive a lot of cattle from the same point to New York formerly required seventy-five days, attended with an expense of near $20 per head, and with a heavy loss by shrinkage.

STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM.—The State Lunatic Asylum, at Harrisburg, is completed according to contract. It is five hundred feet in length, and three stories high. It has cost about $100,000. The Union says, although this structure is entirely plain, it presents a most beautiful appearance, and reflects the highest credit on the architect, Mr. Haviland, who designed and erected it. The trustees will now immediately commence furnishing the building, so that towards fall it will be ready for the reception of patients. There are now two wards building under separate contract with Holman & Simons, for noisy and incurable patients, under an appropriation made last spring.

MORE ANNEXATION PROPOSED.—The New York Tribune says that agents of the Mexican Government have arrived in this country, authorised to sell to the United States the two provinces of Sonora and Lower California, with Chihuahua in addition. By this means it is said Mexico hopes to recruit her finances. Doubtful.

Clippings.

☞ A publishing house in Scotland, desirous to secure the brilliant pen of Washington Irving, offered him the editorship of a new Edinburgh newspaper, at a salary of £500 a-year. The offer was declined, but the reason for declining it was peculiar. Mr. Irving stated that he could not write *impromptu*. He had his moments of inspiration, and he was obliged to wait for them.

☞ Snooks wonders where all the pillow-cases go to. He says he never asked a girl what she was making, when she was engaged in white sewing, without having for an answer, "A pillow-case!"

☞ Courting is an institution made up of fiddles and moonlight—a *period* that brings discretion to a full stop, and marks with a star the meeting of our hopes. Courting converts women into angels, mouths into honey-comb—the heart becomes a great hive of sweets—while kisses are the bees that keep up the supply.

☞ SINGULAR INSCRIPTION.—The following epitaph is inscribed upon a slate tombstone, in the burial ground at Sterling, Mass.:

"Her anxious friends stood weeping round,
While she on a bed of sickness lay:
No medicine could they get down,
She not a word to them could say."

☞ A highly respectable citizen of Northampton county, Pennsylvania, recently committed suicide by hanging himself to the rafters in the garret of his house. He had purchased a property, and although having paid for it in part, the idea struck him that he never would be able to pay for the whole of it.

☞ LOLA MONTES.—A recent letter from Paris says that the celebrated Countess of Landsfeld, the noted Lola Montes has concluded to resume her theatrical profession instead of a dancer. She is daily practising, and will make her first appearance in New York in about three months. Of course, the New Yorkers will give her a public reception.

☞ An electric telegraph has been erected in Dublin, [illegible] The telegraph will soon be in operation.

☞ When in the seventeenth century a Dutch company proposed to make the Tagus navigable into the interior, the Government replied that if God had intended it so, He would have made it so, and that to change it would be to oppose His will.

☞ A reward of $20,000—to be paid in the notes of the defunct Horse-de-Grace Bank—is offered for the discovery of the whereabouts of the celebrated "Chesley Wood," with a view of presenting him to Barnum as the "man who stood high with the Directors in New York."

☞ Some day during the present week a Mr. Duke will make a Balloon Ascension from this city, attired in the Bloomer costume. If any doubts are entertained that the new style of female dress is going "ahead," this is pretty conclusive evidence that it is going up.

☞ By the fire at San Francisco, not a single house of public worship was burned; every building [illegible] was destroyed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States; assisted by *J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, James Hughe, Pierce Leads, W. Ramsey, Dr. Jack's Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws, R. K. Green, C. R. Brinton, Thomas Franklin and C. M. L. Wiseman.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee, assisted by *D. E. Goodwin, James O. Lewis and Samuel D. Lewis.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 180 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, John T. Judkins, P. Lewis, Jos. Brown, Geo. P. Brown, and Thos. D. Nice.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

JUSTUS WHITE, collects for us in New York, assisted by *Marius B. Angell.*

JOHN MAJOR will receive new subscriptions in Missouri and Illinois.

E. R. SIMONTON will receive new subscriptions in Maine.

A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots Of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 *Ann St., New York*
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COURTENAY & WIENGES, *Charleston, S. C.*
Of W. ADAM, *Washington, D. C.*
Of EDWARDS & RINGGOLD, *Louisville, Ky.*
Of ELI ADAMS, *Salem, N. J.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

Local News.

RIGHTS OF FARMERS.—On Saturday, an important case to farmers and others was brought before Ald. Erety, by Isaac Horner, of Montgomery county. The facts of the case as elicited before the magistrate, are as follows:—Mr. Horner, who is a farmer, came to the city on Friday evening for the purpose of attending market, and with a load of produce, backed his wagon up against the curb on Second street in the Northern Liberties, preparatory to the early Saturday market. The next morning, while busily engaged in disposing of the products of his farm, a person occupying a cellar for the sale of eggs, &c., came, and after opening his premises, immediately before which the farmer stood, stepped up and demanded a speedy removal from the position he had selected, alleging he had a right, and desired the curb to place his barrels of eggs on. The request the farmer declined quite unceremoniously, and refused to do so, whereupon threats were made and hard words ensued, and the farmer, to preserve the peace, as well as to ascertain his rights and those of the large class of persons engaged in the same worthy calling, had him arraigned as above stated. The magistrate, after listening patiently to the case, held the egg merchant in $300 bail for his appearance at Court. At the conclusion of the case, Ald. Erety stated the law to be in such cases made and provided, that as it is good policy to induce farmers to bring their small grain, butter and vegetables, the produce of the farms, to the city for sale, for the supply of the citizens they should be encouraged. That for such encouragement the authorities have set apart various streets for public markets, of which Second street, (except from Market to Chestnut) is one. That a farmer on market days, at market hours, has a right to occupy such streets, subject to the control of the Clerk of the Markets. That whenever disputes arise between property holders and farmers, as to their respective stands and rights, they should at once appeal to the Clerk of the Market, whose duty it is to settle such disputes—formerly it was the duty of the said clerk to settle all disputes between buyer and seller in the markets, to test the weights and attend to the proper disposition of the sellers who have no stands, &c.) That no person has any right to a particular stand, further than he obtains it by being first on the ground.

DRY DOCK.—A meeting was recently held in Southwark, in relation to our Dry Dock. The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That this meeting, with one accord, do most respectfully desire the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Navy to test the efficiency and capacity of the Dry Dock to raise ships of the first class; and to order the North Carolina, or some first class ship of the United States Navy, and drawing the greatest depth of water, to proceed to this port for the purpose of testing the efficiency and capacity of the Dry Dock to raise ships of the largest class and drawing the most water.

That we have confidence in the practical utility and capacity of the Dry Dock, and would anxiously the Government test, to demonstrate to the Navy Department, and to our citizens, that it answers every contemplated purpose; that the sections are supplied with a depth of water sufficient to float or raise Government ships of the first class, in accordance with the original design and contract with the Navy Department; That however, there is a sufficiency of water in the Delaware and in the Dry Dock, our motto is, "Don't give up the ship!"

That, to facilitate the object of this meeting, we do now constitute and appoint Messrs. Florence, Moore, Robbins, and Chandler, our immediate representatives in Congress, and Messrs. Cooper and Brodhead, our United States Senators, a committee to proceed to Washington, to lay before the President and the Secretary of the Navy the proceedings of this meeting.

That the papers of the Philadelphia daily and weekly press are respectfully requested to publish these proceedings, and to notice the subject if they choose.

CAPE MAY.—The turnpike to the Island is a decided improvement upon the old road, that was only celebrated for its dust and the fact that it travelled around every barn between the landing and the hotels. The turnpike is in a straight line from the bridge, so that the boats when lying at their piers can be seen from the observatories that crowd the hotels. The hillocks have been cut through and the hollows filled up making the road perfectly level, and with the exception of a portion not yet entirely completed, is almost as hard and free from dust as the beach itself. The hotels have been increased by the erection of two large houses, the National Hall, and the New York and Baltimore House, and two or three smaller ones. There have also been a number of cottages erected, many of which are very neat and pretty, being a decided improvement upon the taste usually bestowed upon Cape May Cottages. There are about two hundred guests already gathered at the Mansion House and others of the old established hotels, but as hot weather has now commenced in earnest, the crowd will soon gather. The excursions already made, have been used by those who participated for the purpose of engaging rooms or cottages for their families.

FUGITIVE SLAVE ARRESTED.—Geo. H. Roset, Assistant U. S. Marshal for the Western District of Pennsylvania, arrived in this city from Wilkesbarre, where, on Saturday week he arrested Jesse Whitman, as a fugitive slave the property of John Conrad, of Loudon county, Va. He was met at the Reading railroad depot by Marshal Keyser and a number of his police force, who accompanied the officers with the fugitive to the Baltimore boat, in which they took passage. Whitman made considerable resistance when taken into custody, and inflicted several violent blows upon the U. S. officer.

NOVEL INCIDENT.—As Mr. Keyser, brother to the Marshal of Police, was on week riding along Germantown Road, opposite Warnick & Leibrandt's foundry, in a one horse wagon, loaded with store goods, thinking of the glorious Fourth of July, suddenly a loud report was heard in his wagon, and he tumbled out headforemost, and one report after the other followed, as of a whole volley of musketry. It consisted of a lot of fireworks that had become ignited by a cigar he was smoking; they set his wagon and goods on fire. Damage about fifty dollars, and spoiled the sport of the 4th of July.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—Mr. James H. Collins, a dairyman, of Newtown township, Camden county, N. J., came to this city on Friday week, with nearly $300 in his possession, intending to purchase eight or ten cows, and has not been heard of since. He took his dinner at the Ferry Hotel, lower side of Market Street wharf on Friday, and left in company with two men, with whom he appeared to be intimately acquainted. He is about 30 years of age, light complexion, and no whiskers. He had on a black frock coat and pants, black hat, and white shirt with pink stripe.

SCALDED TO DEATH.—An awful case of scalding resulting in the death of George Pfaff, occurred in the new factory of Charles Cumming, near the Rising Sun village on Saturday evening. The deceased, who was a workman in the establishment, accidentally fell in to a large tub of steam and immediately expired. Mr. Pfaff was thirty-five years of age, and has left a family residing in Master street above Sixth in Penn. Coroner Hess was sent for yesterday and held an inquest upon the body of the unfortunate deceased, who was much respected.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—This beautiful exhibition, which has been open since the beginning of May, will close on Saturday, the 5th of July. Since the exhibition opened there have been sold 4,616 season tickets and upwards of 3,700 single tickets, making the aggregate number of visitors to the Academy nearly 9,000. Last year 4,077 season and about 800 single tickets were disposed of.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 161—adults 76, and children 148.

FIREWORKS ON JULY.—At a meeting of the committee held on Saturday evening last, the following programme of fire works, was adopted by Professor [illegible]:

1. [illegible] will be [illegible]

2. *Star of Columbia*, commencing with a beautiful revolving figure of Crimson, Maltese and Jesamine stars, [illegible] of gold, ruby, emerald, [illegible] Star, [illegible] and beautiful colors so as to blend in the violets and emerald of sparkling gems.

3. *Revolving Sun, or Burning Bush*.—This variant and beautiful figure is composed entirely of revolving fires, varied, ever changing, and purposed the movements produce the most dazzling and pleasing effect.

4. *Sun and Diamonds*.—This beautiful figure commences with a centre fire of brilliant and golden prominence, illuminated with emerald, crimson and violet, changing into a splendid Maltese figure of Rome and diamonds.

5. *Flight of the Dragons*.—This will be a highly exciting and amusing sight. The fiery monsters will be seen darting about in the wildest and most terrific fury; and the termination of the contest their fires will explode, driving thousands of fiery serpents into the surrounding atmosphere.

6. *Flight of immensely large and magnificent Rockets*, unsurpassed by any in the world, which ascend to the great height of from three to four thousand yards, bursting into myriads of variegated stars, whirling wire, serpents, emeralds, meteors, and gold rain, forming one of the most beautiful spectacles the eye can dwell upon—one for each of the original States.

7. *Liberty Tree*.—This grand and imposing figure classes as one of the wonders of the pyric art, commencing with rotating fire of Maltese, Chinese, and Persian, when, beginning at the base, it will extend upward and outward, branching off into an immense tree, whose dangling foliage will unfold in coruscations of silver and gold.

8. *The Snow Flake*.—This beautiful figure copied from nature, represents those snow flakes assembling in form snow, fervent, and a variety of beautiful figures. It commences with a Maltese wheel of Crimson, Maltese, and Jessamine fires, illuminated centres of purple, emerald, violet, and gold, suddenly transforming into an immense and magnificent figure. The Snow Flake, garnished with silver lances and Chinese golden gerbs, together with rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and fixed painted stars, the whole surrounded with coruscations, and forming a figure of the most vivid and refulgent brightness.

9. *Persian Rose*.—This beautiful piece is composed entirely of colored fires. It commences with a bud, gradually expanding and unfolding its glittering petals into the full blown rose, the whole forming a figure which must be seen to be appreciated.

10. *Mosaic Chandelier*.—This is a new and original figure, designed expressly for this occasion. Its brilliancy and magnificence are beyond the powers of description. It certainly will form one of the most gorgeous specimens of Pyrotechnics, presenting the appearance of a glittering chandelier, rich in every device, and sparkling with hanging lustres. From amidst its jets of brilliant flame will be thrown out stars of every hue, according to the heavens, and producing a soft and gentle light rivalled only by the mellow tint of sunset.

11. The exhibition to conclude with a grand national figure, arranged expressly for the occasion—a magnificent *Triumphal Arch*, surmounted by an eagle bearing the American Flag. On the arch will be inscribed the words, in letters of silver fire, "*July 4, 1776, Liberty and Union, one and Inseparable Forever.*"

Among the decorations there will be a star for each State of the Union, the columns of the arch entwined with laurel wreaths, the whole forming a figure of the most refulgent beauty, and glittering with lances of every hue.

The celebration will end with a grand flight of honorary rockets.

To these arrangements will probably be added a magnificent piece called the "Bombardment of Vera Cruz," if the funds in the hands of the treasurer will admit of the additional outlay for such a costly exhibition. The design of this piece has been referred to as of a more splendid description than any effort of the pyric art ever before attempted in this city.

DESERTION CASE.—The other morning, before Judge Kelley a desertion case of some interest, in which Richard Mullin was the respondent, was heard and disposed of. The allegation was that he was married in Ireland, without due solemnity of law, as enjoined in that country. They were, however, recognized as married persons on board of the ship in which they came to the United States—and also in families in which they had been employed as servants. The wife repeatedly urged that the marriage should be performed with ecclesiastical ceremonies, to which he refused. He also denied their marriage at all, and having conceived an attachment for another woman, deserted the sister and child, and was about to marry the object of his last affection, until some of her friends got information of the previous marital transaction. The Court decided that notwithstanding the marriage ceremonies in Ireland were not there considered of a valid nature, yet the conduct of Mullin towards the woman while in this State, was sufficient to establish the relationship as that of man and wife. Mullin was therefore ordered to pay $1.50 a week for the support of his wife, and give security in $300 for the faithful compliance with the sentence.

SHOOTING MATCH.—A beautiful revolving pistol was shot for last week at the gallery of Geo. Eckner, Smith's Island, and won by Mr. Day, whose three shots were only 2½ inches from the centre. Mr. Day had sold his chance to Mr. McIlvaine for $7, so that gentleman became the owner of the pistol.

SCROFULA.—Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will be found a radical cure for every kind of Scrofula, because they cleanse and purify the body of all bad humors and everything that is opposed to health, and impart such an energy to the circulation, that health and vigor are the sure result. From two to four of said *Indian Vegetable Pills*, taken on going to bed, will once make a perfect cure of the most obstinate case of Scrofula; at the same time the constitution will undergo such a radical change, that Scrofula, as well as every other complaint, will be banished from the body, and new life and vigor will be given to the whole frame.

Beware of Counterfeits!—The genuine may be had of agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	106½		Mechanics	26½	26¼
" '62	110	111	Southwark	26	—
" '67	116½	117	Kensington	[illegible]	—
" '68	116½	117½	P Township	29	—
" 5s '53	101	—	Girard	12½	12¾
July div. off			Western	63	—
" 5s '52	99	—	Man & Mechs	27	—
Jan int off			Bk of Com	49	—
U S Tr N 6s	—	—	Camden N J	30	—
" 1 mill	—	—	Germantown	53	54
Philada 6s	103½	107	Tradesmen Bk Co	35	—
" 5s	92	93	Pittsb Bk	50	—
" " Gas	—	—	M & M Pitts	50	—
County 5s	95½	96	Exchange, Pitts	51	—
Penna 5s	103	103½	Com, Cin	15	—
" 5s	93½	93¾	Louis, Ky	105	—
Kentucky 6s	109	—	Kentucky Bk	105½	107
Tennessee 5s	83	83½	Northern	112½	—
Illinois 6s	51	—	Union, Tenn	73	—
Cincinnati 6s	97	97½	Planters, Tenn	—	79
Texas T Notes	30	40	Vicksburg	17½	18
" bds.	30	40	Com, Natchez	—	—
Schuyl N 6s	37	38	N O Gas Bk	114	—
" Int	—	—	Schuyl Nav	11	12
Lehigh N 6s	86½	81	Lehigh Nav	31	31½
" Int loan	84	84½	C & Del Cl	107	110
" Mort 6s	96	96	Morris Cl	16	16½
C & D Cl 6s	97½	98	PennOhio Cl	33	35
C & Am R 6s	97	98	Union Cl	13½	13¾
Sus Mdw R 6s	75	—	Cam & Am R	138	140
Susque Cl 6s	63	64	Penna R	43½	43¾
Norrist's R 6s	95	—	Bos Mdw R	16	19
Harris R 6s	92½	92	Lykens Val R	15	—
Wil R 6s	93	93¾	North Am Cl	13	13
Read R 6s	74½	75	Susque Cl	16	16½
" Mort 6s	83	83½	Norristown R	35½	36
U S Bk Notes	96	—	Harrisburg R	43	44
U S Bk Shares	1¼	1½	Wilmington R	30	31
N Amer Bk	144	145	Reading R	20¼	20½
Penna Bk	119½	120	Minehill R	70	—
Philadelphia	135	137	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Far & Mec	69	69½	Flem Copper	1	—
Commercial	60	60	N J Copper	1	—
N Liberty	60	51	N W Mis Co	20	20½

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, No. 25 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, July 5, 1851.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	13 dis
Chambersburg	¾ dis
York	¾ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	¾ dis
Carlisle	¾ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	¾ dis
Pittsburg	¼ dis
Waynesburg	¾ dis
Washington	¾ dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna co'ty	failed
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	¾ dis
Harrisburg	¾ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	par
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief notes	par dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford,	par
Plainfield	closed
State bk at Morris	failed
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Frth Amboy	¼ dis
Farmers and Mech. bk, N. Brns.,	¼ dis
N Hope, Del Bridge	failed
Yard. Del Bridge co	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
Del City bk undor 5's	½ dis
Other small	¼ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	¼ dis
Mineral bank	¼ dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Cecil bank	¼ dis
Frederick county	¼ dis
Cumberland	¼ dis
Washington county	¼ dis
Hagerstown	¼ dis
Havre-de-Grace	failed
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	¼ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	par a¼ dis
Country banks	¼ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	¼ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St Albans	¼ dis
All solvent banks	¼ dis

CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	¼ dis
Pawtucket bk	failed
Dorchester and Milton	
minion notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	¼ dis
Phoenix bk, Westerly	
minion notes	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	3½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Valley & branches	1¼ dis
Far bk & branches	¼ dis
Valley bk & branch	¼ dis
Ex bk & branches	¼ dis
Wheeling	¾ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So West R R	1 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Bk of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central bk of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
Rockerville bkg co	—
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	20 dis
Bk Norwalk	75 dis
Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	20 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent bks	2 dis
St Bk Tenn.	10 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bk of St Clair	no sale
Far's & Mech's	3 dis
Gov. Stock bk	uncertain
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners bank	—

NEW YORK MARKETS, JUNE 30.

[illegible]

WHISKEY—250 bbls sold at 22a22½c.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, (eighteen lines,) first insertion,	$0.50
For each subsequent insertion,	$1.00
For one square 6 months,	$20.00
For one square, a year,	$40.00

☞ Payment is required in advance.

ALMANAC.

July 1851.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
5 Saturday	4 37	7 33	7 47	
6 Sunday	4 38	7 32	8 36	
7 Monday	4 38	7 32	9 28	
8 Tuesday	4 39	6 31	10 15	D. H. M.
9 Wed'sday	4 39	7 31	11 5	First 6 6 3
10 Thursday	4 40	7 30	11 56	Full 13 2 3
11 Friday	4 40	7 20	12 36	Last 21 6 33
12 Saturday	4 41	7 19	1 36	New 28 9 33

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June 23,	72	86	87
24,	74	86	88
25,	76	85	85
26,	72	83	85
27,	73	81	85
27,	70	87	82
28,	77	86	87

Marriages.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, Mr. CHARLES A. VINCENT to Miss HARRIET GREEN, all of Philadelphia.

In Roxborough, on the 6th April last, by the Rev. Thos. Winter, Mr. WILLIAM W. KETCHAM, to Miss SUSANNA J. DEDRICK, all of Philadelphia.

In Philadelphia, on the 26th ult. by Friends' Ceremony, MOS. M. H. JONES, of Newtown, Bucks county, Pa. to ANN M. HOBSON, late of Newcastle, Delaware.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. D. Dunbar, JAMES BRANDT, Jr. of Baltimore, to NANCY MIRIAM, daughter of the late Rev. D. Dodge, of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. M. A. Cline, Mr. JOHN G. ZELLERS, of the N. Liberties, to Miss SARAH D. WALLACE, of Kensington.

At Sing Sing, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. W. H. Halsey, SAMUEL J. RANDALL, of Philadelphia, to FANNIE A. daughter of the Hon. Aaron Ward, of the former place.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Chas. D. Cooper, Mr. LEWIS BRENNEMAN, Jr. to Mrs. MARY J. HALLIDAY, daughter of the late John Orr, Esq. all of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. M. A. De Witt Howe, EVERETT A. LIVINGSTON, of N. York, to ELIZABETH B. daughter of Coleman Fisher, of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. DAVID MCAFEE to Miss MARY J. QUIG.

On the 23d ult. by the same, Mr. JOHN DOUGHERTY, to Miss JULIA CARSON, both of this city.

On the 6th of May, by the Rev. Dr. Reickert, Mr. JOHN V. HEISLEIN, to Miss MARGARETTA DUFFIN.

On the 24th ult. at St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., G. B. RODNEY, Esq. of New Castle, Delaware, to Miss ELIZA TAYLOR, daughter of G. W. Taylor, of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Decachet, D. D., WILLIAM B. MILLER to ANNIE J. LLOYD, daughter of John Lloyd, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. T. S. Malcolm, JAMES HUNTER, M. D. of St. John, N. B. to Miss SARAH VIRGINIA CASSIN, of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. Dorr, JOSEPH P. BROTAKEY, M. D. to ROSALIE, daughter of the late Wm. Peterson.

At St. Louis, Mo. on the 5th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Bullard, JOHN T. CHAPPELL, merchant of that place to MARTHA ELIZABETH, daughter of Martin W. Alexander, of this city.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. Wm H. Odenheimer, Mr. ISAAC W. BURKART, to Miss CATHARINE OLDHAM, both of this city.

Deaths.

On the 6th ult. near Jacksonville, Illinois, at the residence of her son in law, Alphonso White, Mrs. URSY LEONARD, relict of the late Gen. G. Leonard, of West Philadelphia.

On the 24th ult. HANNAH M. GARWOOD.

On the 25th ult. JOSEPH TAGERT, Jr.

On the 22nd ult. ELIZABETH, daughter of M. C. and L. A. Johnson, aged 15 months.

On the 25th ult. ELIZABETH, wife of Jos. Atkinson, aged 27 years.

On the 27th ult. CHARLES D. SEES, Jr. aged 27.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. JANE DOUGHERTY, aged 71.

On the 25th ult. ALICE A. EGGLES, aged 3 years and 5 months.

On the 24th ult. MARTHA L. WILSON, aged 26 years.

On the 24th ult. JANE HIBBS.

On the 25th ult. CHARLES RUSSELL, aged 17.

On the 24th ult. CAROLINE, daughter of Wm. and Mary Wunder, aged 3 years and 3 months.

On the 25th ult. HARRIET SPICER.

On the 26th ult. JAMES MCCHESNEY, aged 31 years.

On the 25th ult. MATILDA J. BETTLY.

On the 25th ult. CORNELIA, daughter of J. Caldwell, aged 19 years.

On the 24th ult. HELENA C. daughter of M. and R. Tracey, aged 16 years.

On the 24th ult. SAMUEL CRANE.

On the 24th ult. FANNY CADWALADER, daughter of David S. and Margaret A. Drum, aged 16 months.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. SUSAN BURBLY.

On the 24th ult. Miss ELMIRA HAINES, aged 23.

On the 23d ult. SARAH, wife of Chrystian Bird, aged 33 years.

On the 24th ult. STEPHEN SERGEANT.

On the 25th ult. ROBERT HOBSON, son of Wm. B. and A. E. Pidgeon, aged 3 months.

On the 24th ult. Capt. JAMES A. LOUDERMAN, aged 48 years.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH P. MEARS, aged 78 years.

About the 1st Feb. at sea, on board the ship Mercator, on her passage from San Francisco to Panama, SHEP. YARD, of Phila. aged 23 years.

On the 17th ult. at the Charleston (S. C.) Hospital, JAS. SCOTT, of Phila.

On board the steamer Fremont, at sea, on the 6th April, on her way to California, Mrs. MARIA C. McLANE, wife of Allen McLane, U. S. N. and daughter of the late Richard Bache, of Phila.

On the 19th ultimo, SAMUEL MCBRIDE, in the 58th year of his age.

SHANNONDALE SPRINGS, JEFFERSON COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

THIS celebrated watering place having been leased for a term of years by the undersigned, who the last season put in complete repair, as to its Cabins, Baths, Bowling Saloon, Boats, etc., and will be again opened for the reception of company on the 10th inst.

They are situated on an eminence on the east bank of the Shenandoah, five miles south of Charlestown, in a healthy and delightful region. The reputation of the water is so well established, that it is deemed scarcely necessary to mention its qualities. It is sent for and taken to New York, Charleston, and other distant places. The analysis of the late Dr. De Butts, in 1821, classed the principal fountain, with the *saline chalybeates*, a combination of the most valuable description, in the whole range of mineral waters, and closely resembling those of the celebrated Bedford, in composition, operation and efficacy. There is also a highly valuable Sulphur Spring in the vicinity. Apart from the merits of the waters Shannondale is remarkable for the sublime and beautiful natural scenery, which is said to surpass Bath and Bristol, in England, and that of Saratoga and Ballston, in New York. They are within eight hours travel from Washington and Baltimore. jy7-4t

Coaches will be in daily attendance at the railroad depot, at Charlestown, to convey passengers to the Springs. The proprietors pledge themselves that their Table and Bar shall compare favorably with those of any watering place in Virginia. They have procured the best Band of Music, and most capable servants that can be found without regard to price.

June 16, 1851. HALL, OSBURN & Co.

1851. 1851.

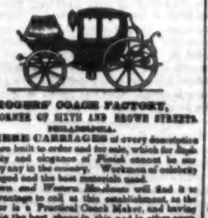
WHITNEY & CO.,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
TRANSPORTERS ON FOX RIVER.
Foot Main Street, GREEN BAY, WIS.

W. & Co. will receive and execute all orders for the purchase of Goods, &c. All business entrusted to our care will be attended to personally, and prompt remittances made for Sales of Property.

Merchandise and other property consigned to us for shipment East or West, will receive personal attention and care, and will not be detained unnecessarily. je28-3t

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
MOORE, HENSZEY & Co.,
No. 139 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
ARE now opening an extensive assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c., which they will dispose of at a very low figure, and guarantee freights and insurance at as low a rate as from any of the Eastern cities. Country merchants will consult their interest by giving us a call. je28-2m

CAMBLOS & BROTHER,
EXCHANGE BANKERS,
No. 70 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
UNCURRENT BANK NOTES and GOLD and SILVER COIN, will be bought and sold on the most reasonable terms.
BILLS, NOTES and DRAFTS, throughout the United States, will be promptly collected; and EXCHANGE on all the Principal Cities, furnished at the lowest possible rates. ieo 4-1y



ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,
S. E. CORNER OF SIXTH AND BROWN STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.
WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability* and elegance of *Finish* cannot be surpassed by any in the country. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to.

N. B.—Omnibuses run from the Exchange past the factory every few minutes.
aug10-tf WM. D. ROGERS.

TO DEALERS IN DRY GOODS.

The subscribers are largely engaged in the Importing and Jobbing of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS,
PANTALOON STUFFS OF ALL KINDS,
Overcoat Stuffs, Cloakings, Serges, Linings, Velvets, and every variety of
GOODS FOR MEN'S, YOUTH'S, AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.
TOGETHER WITH EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
TAILORS' AND CLOTHIERS' TRIMMINGS.
Our facilities at home, and extended correspondence in Europe, putting us in possession of the Novelties as they are produced by the Manufacturer; all which is offered at
THE LOWEST PRICES.
LOVE, SMITH & [illegible],
June 28-3m No. 147 Market Street, Phila.

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,
CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of
GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.
$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$5 00 TO $25
VESTS,	1 00 " 6
PANTALOONS,	2 00 " 6

WE STUDY TO PLEASE. [illegible]

IN QUART BOTTLES.
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD, AND FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, STUBBORN ULCERS, DYSPEPSIA, SALT RHEUM, FEVER SORES, ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, BILES, MERCURIAL DISEASES, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, LIVER COMPLAINT, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c.

IN THIS PREPARATION WE HAVE all the restorative properties of the root, combined and concentrated in their utmost strength and efficacy. Experiments were made in the manufacture of this medicine until it was found it could not be improved. Accordingly, we find it resorted to almost universally in cases of Scrofula, Liver Diseases, Salt Rheum, General Prostration of the Vital Powers, and all those tormenting diseases of the skin so trying to the patience, and injurious to the health. It is a tonic, aperient and disinfectant. It acts simultaneously upon the stomach, the circulation and the bowels, and thus three processes, which are ordinarily the result of three different kinds of medicine, are carried on at the same time through the instrumentality of this one remedial agent. There are many ways of relieving pain for the time being, but there is only one way of removing disease. No palliative, no anodyne, no topical application will remove it. It must be attacked at its source, in the fluids of the body, which convey the poison to the localities where it is developed in inflammation, sores, ulcers, tumors, abscesses, glandular swellings, &c., as the case may be. These fluids must be reached, acted upon, purified by some powerful agent. Such an agent is Sands' Sarsaparilla, which gently stimulates while it disinfects and expels from the stomach and bowels all that is irritating, and at the same time restores their vigor and tone. Its great merit is that it uses and concentrates the active principle of disease itself, and when that is gone, the symptoms necessarily disappear. The rapidity with which the patient recovers health and strength under this triple influence is surprising. Each new case in which it is applied furnishes in the result a new certificate of its excellence; and we have only to point to the accumulated testimony of multitudes who have experienced its effects, to convince incredulity itself of its real value.

Lieut. Miller of the Army has kindly sent us the following letter from California.

MONTEREY, Jan. 18, 1850.

MESSRS. A. B. & D. SANDS:—Gentlemen—I beg leave to add my testimony in favor of your invaluable medicine, hoping it may lead some other unfortunate being to try its effects, and that they may be benefitted as I have been.

I arrived here from the United States by the overland route, about the first of October last. A few days after I was attached with a very disagreeable eruption of the skin, which my physician could not cure. I happened to find your Sarsaparilla in a store in this place, and remembering the popularity of the medicine at home, I purchased three bottles, which had the desired effect of removing my difficulty entirely. With high regards, yours, &c.

J. H. MILLER, U. S. A.

FROM THE STATE OF MAINE.

The attention of the reader is called to the following certificate of a remarkable cure effected by using only five bottles of Sands' Sarsaparilla:

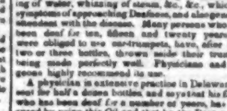
SIDNEY, (Maine,) April 15, 1850.

MESSRS. A. B. & D. SANDS: Gentlemen—This is to certify that the subscriber, of Sidney, County of Kennebec, State of Maine, has been afflicted more or less ever since my birth, with Scrofula, which continued to increase until last February. In January, my legs were so swollen I could not get on a boot or stocking, and I had several large sores on one of the time. In this situation I was about to give up in despair, when I was advised to try Sands's Sarsaparilla. I had not much faith in it, but I sent to your agents in Augusta, Me., and procured a bottle, which did me so much good, I sent and got another and continued until I had taken five bottles. I am now perfectly well. If any person who may read this letter is afflicted with any disease of Scrofula, I would most earnestly recommend and advise them to make use of Sands's Sarsaparilla. If any person wishes further information about my case, by calling upon me I can convince them of the healing power of this medicine. Signed, STEPHEN C. HAYWOOD,
Augusta, April 16, 1850.

P. S.—We are personally acquainted with Mr. Haywood, and believe his statement above to be true.
Signed, DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton street, corner of William, New York. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canadas. Price $1 per bottle; six bottles for $5.

For sale in Philadelphia by Fredk. Brown, Fifth and Chesnut st., Augney & Dickson, by Fredk. Klett, corner Second and Callowhill, and by Robert Shoemaker. je21-eow6m



SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c., &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear-trumpets, have, after using two or three bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and Surgeons highly recommend its use.

A physician in extensive practice in Delaware has sent for half a dozen bottles, and says that his father, who has been deaf for a number of years, has been cured by using this Oil, and that he, the Doctor, shall for the future use it in his practice, as he has seen such wonderful benefit accrue from its application.

Read the following from the Philadelphia Public Ledger:—

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED IT?—If not, do not delay another day, but send immediately; if you have been one of the wise and prudent, and already bought a bottle, the question is settled; you have recovered your hearing. *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness* never fails. It is the only medicine that will cure. Thousands of deaf persons will give their testimony in its favor. The beauty of the thing is, that it cures you without producing any pain.

This medicine has cured more persons, and is now used more extensively than all other medicines combined, for the cure of Diseases of the Ear! The certificates are numerous, and of the highest authority.

☞ ALSO DOCTOR JACKSON'S PILE AND TETTER EMBROCATION.—This may be considered a specific, and is warranted to cure. It not only immediately allays pain and inflammation, stops all bleeding, subdues that intolerable itching, but effectually cures, in a very short time, persons whose lives have been rendered miserable for years! Its application produces no pain, but rather an agreeable and pleasant sensation.—Call or send for a list of cures, and you will be astonished. These medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 84 Chesnut St., and Louden & Co., 84 Arch St., Phila. Also, by A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton St., New York; Carter & Co., Hanover St., Boston; S. S. Hance, Baltimore; Alex. Jaynes Pittsburg; J. W. Sheppard, and J. D. Parke, Cincinnati; R. & J. Adams, St. Louis; J. Wright & Co. New Orleans; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Sexton & Co., Norfolk, and by other authorized agents. je21-eow12t

CHEAP WATCHES, JEWELRY, &C.

The subscriber would beg leave to call the attention of the public to a large and fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry &c., just received at the old stand, No. 15 North Sixth Street, which he will sell at prices to compete with any establishment in the United States.

WATCHES.
Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled, 18 carat cases $25 and upwards.
Gold Lepine Watches, jeweled, do. do. $24 and upwards.
Silver Lever Watches, $12 and upwards.
Silver Lepine Watches, $9 and upwards.
And others at lower prices than the above.

JEWELRY.
Gold Chains of every pattern and price, Medallions, double and single Glasses suitable for miniatures and Daguerreotypes.
Necklaces, Bracelets, Breast Pins, Ear and Finger Rings of every description and price.
Premium Diamond Pointed Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver cases, Gold and Silver Pencils, &c.
Also, Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, Butter Knives, &c., equal to coin, and German Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, &c., &c., all at the lowest prices.
Orders from the country, accompanied with the money, promptly attended to.
ap18-6m GEORGE RUSSEL,
No. 15 N. Sixth, opposite Commerce St., Phila.

TRUNKS! TRUNKS! TRUNKS!—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to furnish every variety of Trunk, Valise and Carpet Bags, as low as can be purchased of any other establishment in the city. The attention of merchants and others is solicited to the beautiful assortment now on hand, of his own manufacture, which should be inspected for neatness, durability and workmanship by any other establishment, and which received the premium at the last exhibition of the Franklin Institute.

All work done at this establishment warranted to give entire satisfaction. A share of patronage is solicited. SAMUEL W. KENNEDY,
jell 3m 49 N. Third st. above Arch, west side.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The regular Course of Lectures in this institution will commence on Monday, Sept. 1st, 1851, and continue four months.

FACULTY.
N. R. MOSELEY, M. D., Prof. of Anatomy and Physiology.
ABRAHAM LIVEZEY, M. D., Prof. of Practice of Medicine.
JOSEPH S. LONGSHORE, M. D., Prof. of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
C. W. GLEASON, M. D., Prof. of Surgery and Institutes.
M. W. DICKESON, M. D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Pharmacy.
DAVID J. JOHNSON, M. D., Prof. of Chemistry.
HANNAH E. LONGSHORE, Demonstrator of Anatomy.

Degrees will be conferred and Diplomas granted to successful candidates as soon as practicable after the close of the course.

FEES.

To each Professor,	$10
Matriculation fee once paid, only	5
Graduation,	25

For further information apply personally or by letter (post paid) to N. R. MOSELEY, M. D.,
Dean of the Faculty,
june7eowtt No. 229 Arch St. Philadelphia.

NEW YORK WIRE RAILING WORKS.

WIRE RAILING, (SECURED BY LETTERS PATENT.) Enclosures for Public Grounds and Cemeteries, Fences for Cottages, Gardens, Farms, &c. Window Guards and Gratings for Stores, Dwellings, Lunatic Asylums, Prisons, &c. Columns and Cornice Work for Cottages and VERANDAHS.

The above are made entirely of Wrought Iron and Wire, (at one half the cost of Cast Iron,) being extensively used in the City of New York, &c. Superior to all other kinds of work for the same purpose.

RAILROAD AND FARM FENCE,
Made with Wrought Iron or Wooden Posts, being so constructed as to be used for moveable or permanent fence, at 50c. to $3.00 per rod.

WIRE FOR FENCES
always on hand.
Portable Iron Bedsteads, Iron Settees, Gratings, DOGS, LIONS, &c.
Wrought and Cast Iron Railings made to order.
By addressing the Manufacturer and Proprietor, Circulars and drawings of the above will be forwarded. JOHN B. WICKERSHAM,
349 Broadway.
Works 39 and 41 Lewis Street.
AGENTS—C. B. Conant & Co., 215 Pearl Street, New York. jy7-6m
New York. April 14 1851.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

The subscriber would invite the special attention of the public to his extensive assortment of goods in the above line, which he is prepared to sell at lower prices than heretofore offered. The stock is varied and handsome. Consisting in part of

WATCHES,

Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled, Hunting Cases, 18 carats, heavy and good from	$40 to 120
" " 18 carat cases from	25 to 120
Silver "	12 to 20
Lepine	10 to 15

And others at lower rates than the above.

JEWELRY,
Gold Chains of every pattern and variety.
Medallions, double and single glasses, a very handsome article suitable for Daguerreotypes.
Necklaces, Bracelets, Pins and Rings, Garnets, Topaz, &c., Breast Pins of single and cluster stones, Rings of every variety and price. Ear-Rings, &c.

SILVER WARE.
This article especial care is taken to have the silver fine, and nothing is used for melting but half dollars, and the public may feel assured that they can get no better article nor at a lower price. Silver Tea Sets made to order.
Table, Dessert and Teaspoons of all prices according to weight.
Table, Dessert and Tea Forks.
Butter Knives, Sugar Tongs, Sugar Spoons, Fish Knives, &c. Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c., &c.

PLATED WARE.
A very superior article of plated Forks, Table and Dessert and Table and Teaspoons, Cake Baskets, Castors, Candlesticks, &c.

BRITTANIA WARE.
Beautiful Pattern Tea Sets at low prices. Also, Urns and Water Kettles, Castor and Bottles, very handsome, &c., all of which will be warranted to be what they are represented and at the very lowest rates, as the subscriber is determined not to be undersold by any house in the country.
S. M. HOPPER,
No. 66 Chesnut Street, between Second
my 31y and Third, (north side,) Phila.

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

On hand a large assortment and constantly receiving a fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware at No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia, at the following low prices:
Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled, 18 carat case, $30.00 and over.
Gold Lepine Watches, jeweled, 18 carat case, $24.00 and over.
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled $12.00 and over.
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, $9.00 and over.
Silver Quartier Watches, from $4.50 to $6.00 and over.
Diamond Pointed Gold Pens with silver case, $1.00 and over.
Silver Tea Spoons, equal to coin, per set, $5.00 and over.
" Desert Spoons, do. do. $10.00 and over.
" Table Spoons, do. do. $15.00 and over.
Watch Glasses, best quality, plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25 cents. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. On hand a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware.
mar1-1y STAUFFER & HARLEY,
Successors to O. Conrad,
No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry.

MORSE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF YELLOW DOCK ROOT.—We feel prompted by every principle of humanity, to make known to the world, the WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY PREPARATION. Thousands have been relieved of a great amount of suffering, and many lives saved by the use of it. It is acknowledged by the best judges of medicine, to be the most elegant, scientific and salutary preparation now in use, and as a

DEPURATIVE REMEDY
seldom if ever equalled. It stands unrivalled for the cure of Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Canker, Scrofula, and all the various diseases arising from an
IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD.
ALSO ALL
BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,
and is used with unprecedented success in all cases of FEMALE WEAKNESS AND GENERAL DEBILITY, Strengthening the weakened body, giving tone to the various organs, and invigorating the entire system, and also for the cure of the
LIVER COMPLAINT, CATARRH, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, COUGHS, ETC.

Those afflicted with Chronic Diseases of whatever form, will find this medicine not only pleasant to the taste, but a certain cure, if it be within the power of remedial agents to affect their disease.

It is composed of medicines so happily combined, as to tend directly to give tone to the stomach and bowels, excite to healthy action the Liver and the whole Glandular System, allay Nervous Irritability, and promote the free action of the Lungs, thus rendering it applicable to all diseases of a
CHRONIC NATURE.

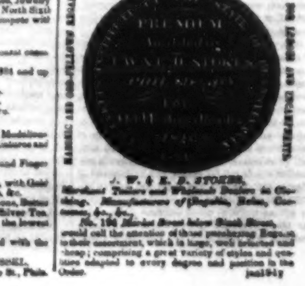
It is purely vegetable, and may be used in all climates, and at all seasons of the year.

Prepared only by C. MORSE & CO., at 102 Fountain Street, Providence, R. I., and sold by thousands all over the United States, Canada, &c.

General Agent—T. W. DYOTT & SONS, 132 North Second Street, Sole Agents for Philadelphia, and General Wholesale Agents for the United States.
6th 1-1y

I. O. O. F.

MASONIC AND ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA



FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
Merchant Tailors and Wholesale Dealers in Clothing. Manufacturers of Regalia, Robes, Costumes, &c., &c.

No. 194 Market Street below Sixth Street, would call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. jan19-1y

Selected Poetry.

[illegible]

J. G. GRANT.

A Leaf from History.

THE SOUTH SEA SCHEME.

[illegible]

Selected Articles.

GEORGE SAND.

Madame Dudevant, or George Sand, as she is more generally called, is now publishing her memoirs, and it appears that the confessions of Rousseau, Chateaubriand, and Lola Montez will sink into insignificance before the twelve volumes which profess to reveal the secrets of the life of Madame Sand. I have never seen this celebrated woman, but I am acquainted with several persons who have long known her intimately. From them I have learned to admire and esteem her admirable qualities, and to deplore the circumstances which have corrupted a nature so great and noble. [illegible]

[illegible]—*Paris Correspondence of St. Louis Republic.*

AARON BURR.

BY LAURIE TODD.

The public and secret history of the house Number One, Broadway, if recorded, would make an interesting volume. Time has not changed the appearance of the building; its walls look the same as they did fifty years ago. It was occupied by Sir Henry Clinton, his Majesty's Governor of New York. It was the headquarters of General Putnam in 1776. About this time Aaron Burr was appointed *aide-de-camp* to Gen. Putnam, and resided in his house, which was the theatre of one of those intrigues for which Burr became so notorious in after life.

[illegible]—*Home Journal.*

Wit and Humor.

[illegible]

For Housekeepers.

THE USE OF VINEGAR.—"The use of vinegar as a condiment may be understood from the properties of acetic acid. [illegible]"—*Tomlinson's Cyclopædia.*

[illegible]

LECTURES ON INDIA.

BY

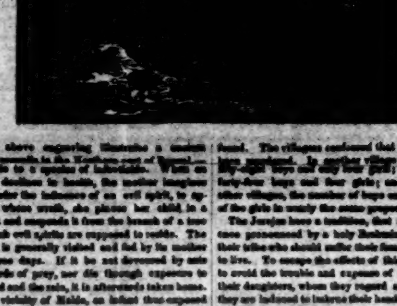
CALEB WRIGHT.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.

NUMBER V.

[illegible]

[illegible]



The subject of the above engraving is the interior of the mission chapel in the city of Cuttack, in the province of Orissa. It is an interesting fact, that this chapel stands upon the very spot where once stood a temple devoted to Shiva.

About one hundred miles South-West of Cuttack is the country of the Kunds. They worship a goddess called *Bhavanee*. To secure her blessing upon the soil they cultivate, they deem it important at certain times to offer human sacrifices upon her altars. The victims, who must be in the freshness and bloom of youth, are procured by stealing children from distant villages and rearing them until they become large enough to be acceptable to the goddess. At the time of sacrifice, the victim is tied to a post; the sacrificer, with an axe in his hand, slowly advances towards him, chanting to the goddess and her train the following hymn, which has been translated for me by Rev. Charles Lacy, one of the missionaries at Cuttack:—

"Hail, mother, hail! Hail, goddess Bhavanee!
Lo! we present a sacrifice to thee.
Partake thereof, and let it pleasure give,
And, in return, let us thy grace receive.
With various music on this festive day,
Lo! thee we honor, and thy rites obey.
Hail, all ye gods who in the mountain dwell,
In the wild jungle, or the lonely dell!
Come all together, come with one accord,
And eat the sacrifice we have prepared.
In all the fields and all the plots we sow,
O let a rich and plenteous harvest grow!
Ho, all ye gods and goddesses! give ear,
And be propitious to our earnest prayer.
Behold a youth for sacrifice decreed,
Blooming with tender flesh and flushed with blood!
No sire, no matron, rears him as a son;
His flesh, and blood, his life, and all, are thine.
Without the pale of sacred wedlock born,
We caught and reared him for thy rite alone.
Now, too, with rites from all pollution free,
We offer him, O Bhavanee! to thee."

As soon as this hymn is finished, [illegible] tions, the pieces have no virtue unless they are secured before life is extinct. Immediately they hasten with their bloody treasure and bury it in their fields, expecting in this way to render them fruitful.

Please notice those boys sitting on the floor, according to native custom. There are ten of them, and they are Kunds. They had once been stolen from their parents, and were kept for the purpose of being sacrificed, and, had they not been rescued by the agents of the East India Company, they would have been destroyed in the manner just described. But now they attend the mission school during the week, and on the Sabbath they meet in this chapel to worship that God whose kind providence saved them from an early and cruel death.

THIS now to the young woman seated at the extreme left of the audience. She, also, when a child, was stolen from her parents and reserved for the slaughter. She was kept until she had attained her sixteenth year, and was rescued only four days before she was to have been offered in sacrifice. I heard the account of her sufferings from her own lips, and saw the scars made by the fetters with which she had been confined.—But now she is a member of the mission church, and is exerting a happy influence in teaching others the way of life.

In the course of a few months, the agents of the East India Company rescued one hundred and eight children, whom the Kunds were preparing for sacrifice. [illegible] How different this from the blessed training of our children in the Sabbath school, that they may present their bodies a living sacrifice to God! What a contrast between Paganism and Christianity! Here a Christian chapel has literally been built upon the ruins of a heathen temple. [illegible]

[illegible]

AN ORIENTAL PROVERB.—You can't prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests there.

THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.

[illegible]

WHERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST.

[illegible]—*La. Courier.*

The Olio.

SONG.

Oh, heavy, heavy day!
When wilt thou wear away,
And bring her sweet returning?
Oh, weary, weary night,
When wilt thou take thy flight,
And bring another morning?

Oh, stars that gem the skies!
To shine not like her eyes,
Where love is ever beaming!
Pass on, oh, hateful day—
Yet gentle night, oh, stay!
For she is mine while dreaming!

In dreams she comes to me—
In dreams her eyes I see—
And bliss divine comes o'er me—
Then let my spirit creep
To thy pavilion, sleep!
While Love flies on before me!

NATURAL WATER-PURIFIERS.—[illegible]—*Quarterly Review.*

MORBID IMPULSES.—[illegible]—*Chambers's Journal.*

KISSING BY RULE.—Some young lady, whose practice has doubtless made perfect, lays down a rule for kissing. We give her own words:

"There is as much difference in kisses as in individuals, and I am sure that I would not like to be kissed by every one. No, indeed, for some would give such an overwhelming smack it would almost deafen me. Now, kissing can be reduced to rules, one or two of which I will give. The head should always be turned slightly to the right, so such motions give grace, and prevent the concussion of the olfactory organs. The lips should then be pressed closely and evenly together, as you sip the nectar of the long kiss, but no smack should be heard. I speak particularly on this subject because I consider kissing a part of our nature, and because few people seem to understand the value of a kiss, and the manner in which such salutations with the lips should be rendered."

WHAT AN OLD MAN SAID.—[illegible]

I'D RATHER CARRY IT THAN THAT HOMELY [illegible]—[illegible]—*Flushing Gazette.*

Agriculture.

FOOD FOR PLANTS.

[illegible]

WATER-MELON.

This is purely a tropical fruit, and hence an exotic, and is a distinct genus from the kind of melons noted in our last number. This fruit is much used in the United States, and flourishes well, with proper treatment, in all parts of our country.

Acres of water-melons are grown in the State of New Jersey, for the supply of the New York and Philadelphia markets. [illegible]—*The Working Farmer.*

INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—[illegible]—*Boston Atlas.*

THE POTATO ROT.—[illegible]—*Boston Traveller.*

TO DESTROY INSECTS.—[illegible]—*Boston Ramble.*

HEDGES.—[illegible]

[illegible]

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

New Orleans, La. T. L. N.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

C. WALTEMEYER.

CHARADE.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Thomas Jefferson.

ENIGMA.—Snow.

CHARADE.—Madman.

PROBLEM.—[illegible] perches.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A glove for the hand of Time.
One of the horns of John Bull.
A pen made of a quill plucked from the wings of the wind.

S. H. D.

Miscellaneous.

THE FAULTS OF ALL NATIONS.—"John Pym," the London *Standard of Freedom's* correspondent, thus speaks of the Great Show:

"I think I see faults in the taste of all nations. Frankly I say it, the English fault is vulgarity. The French fault is in reference to form, and to what I call moral taste. [illegible]"

[illegible]